

DELL

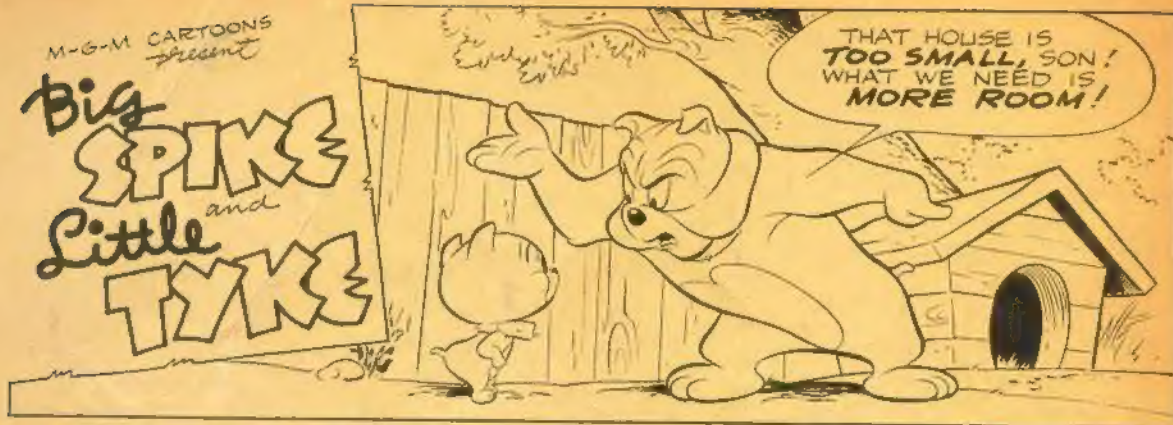
JUNE-AUG. 10¢

M.G.M.'s

Spike and Tyke



Big SPIKE and Little TYKE



M-G-M CARTOONS
present

Big SPIKE and Little TYKE

in
THE LAST
OF THE
CROWHIGANS

HOPE THAT
CROW CRITTER
DOESN'T COME TO
LIVE IN OUR
BIRDHOUSE *THIS*
YEAR, TYKE!

LAST SUMMER,
HE ATE EVERY CHERRY
ON THE TREE!

LET'S SHOW MR. CROW
HE'S *UNWELCOME*, POP!

LATER...

GO
CROW!
GO!

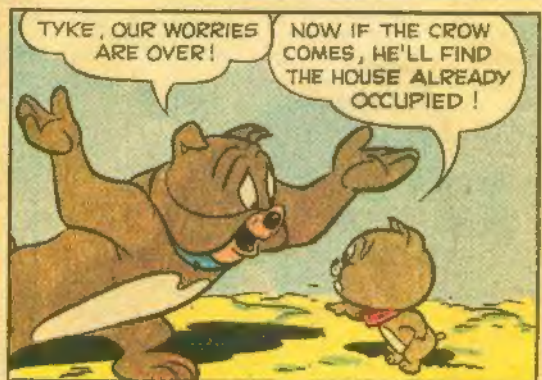
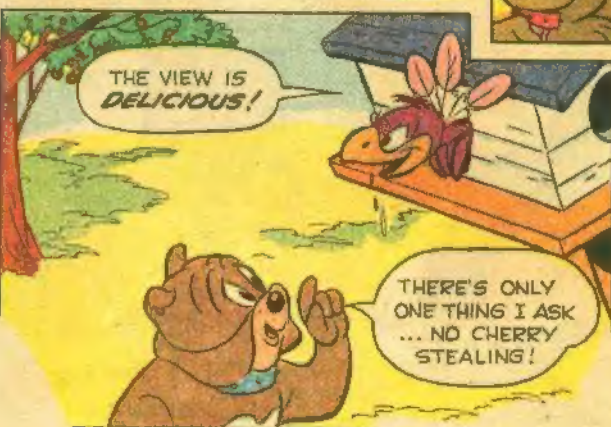
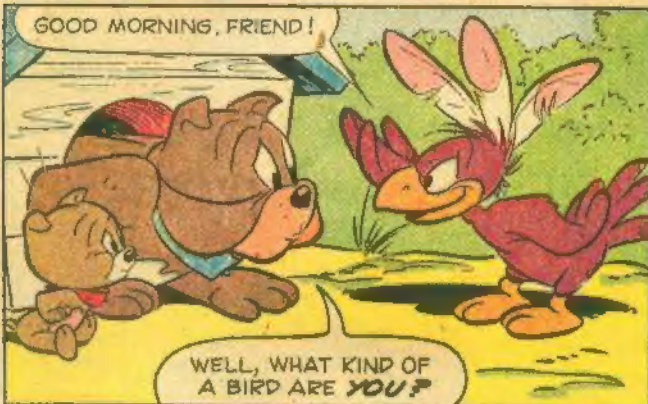
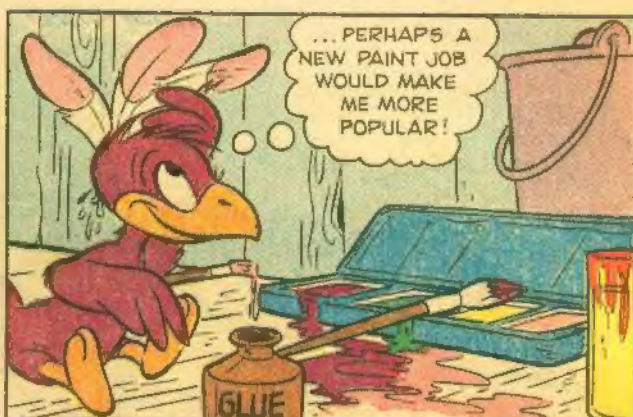
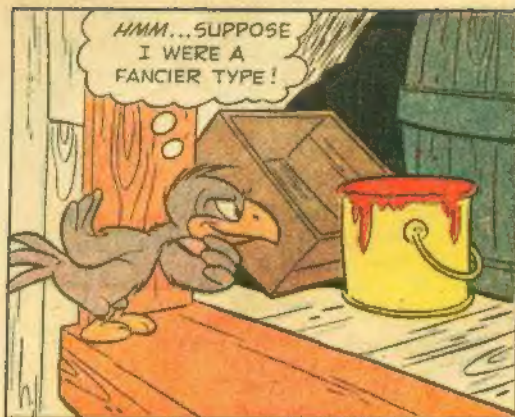
HUH?
?

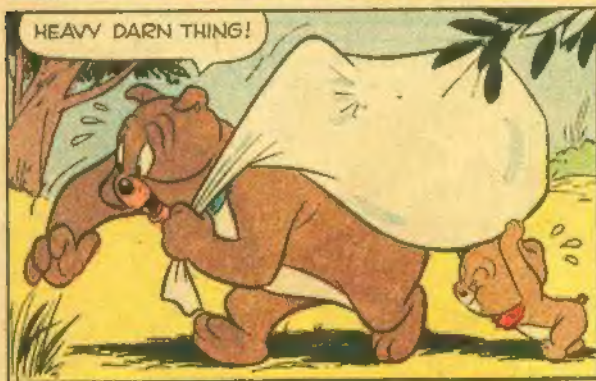
NO
CROWS
ALLOWED

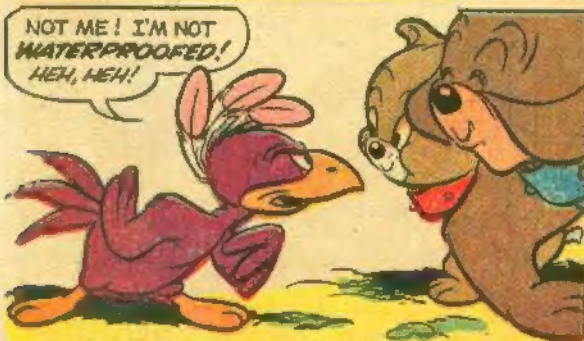
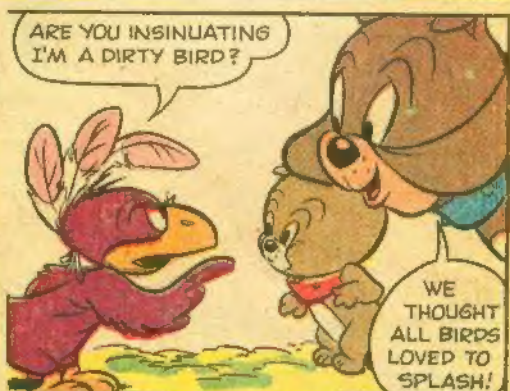
THAT OUGHTA
DISCOURAGE THE
CHERRY CHISELER!

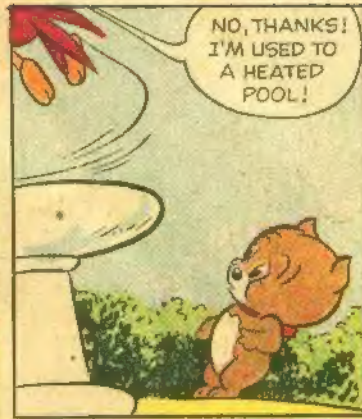
I CAN'T STAND THIS
UNWANTED FEELING!

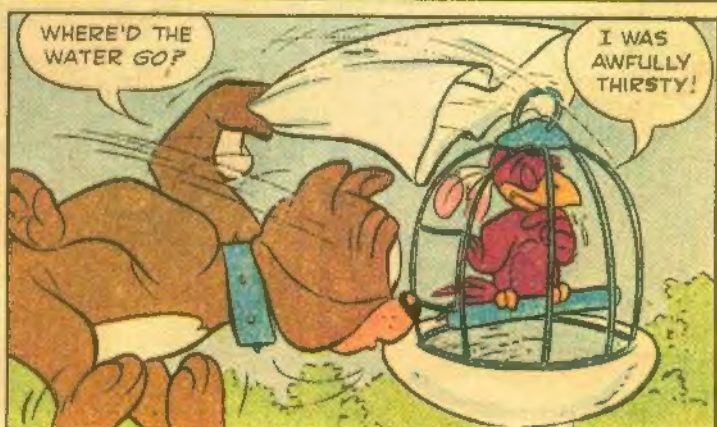
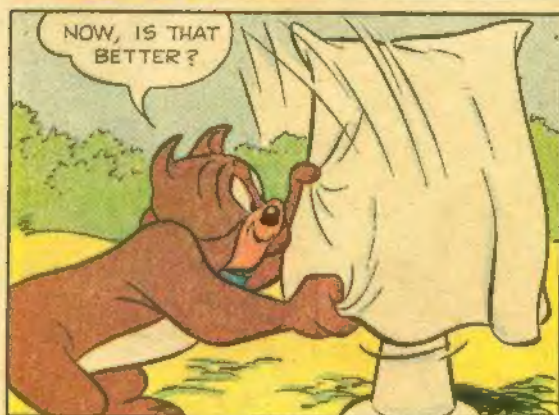
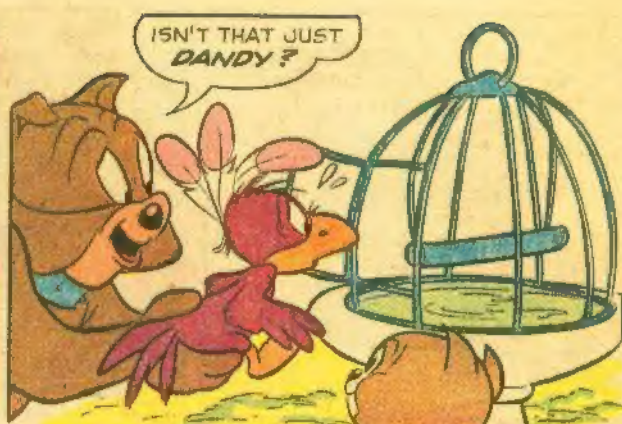
I'LL HAVE TO
DO SOMETHING TO
CHANGE MY LIFE!

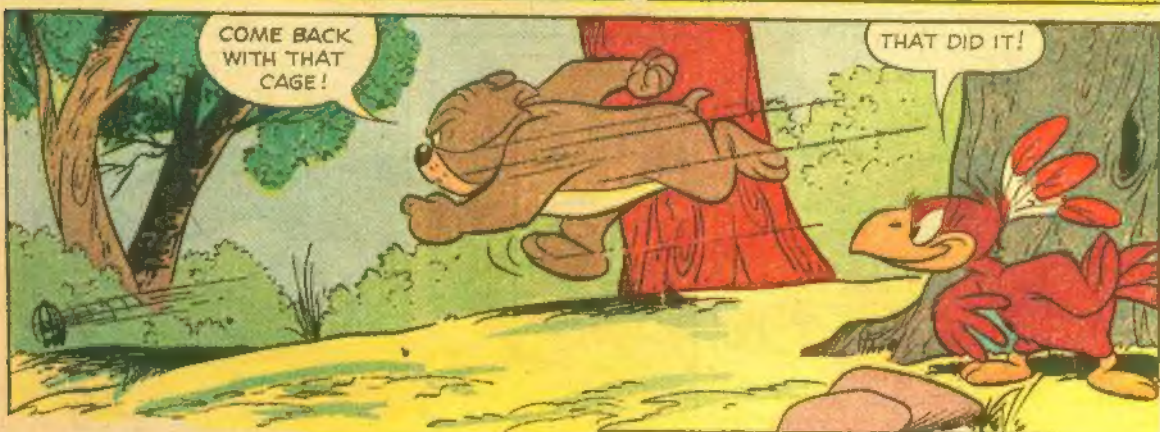
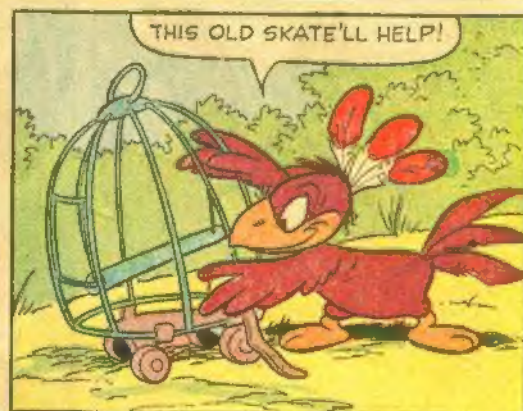
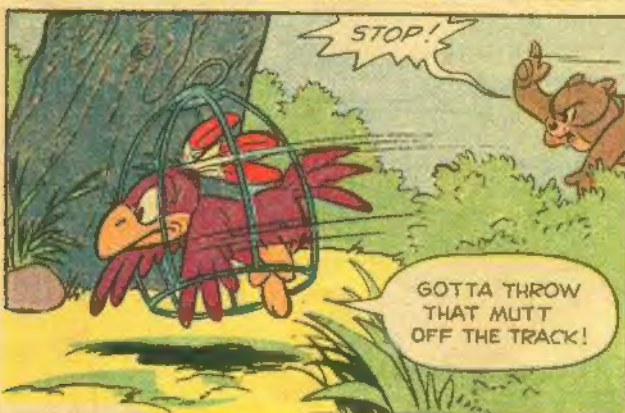


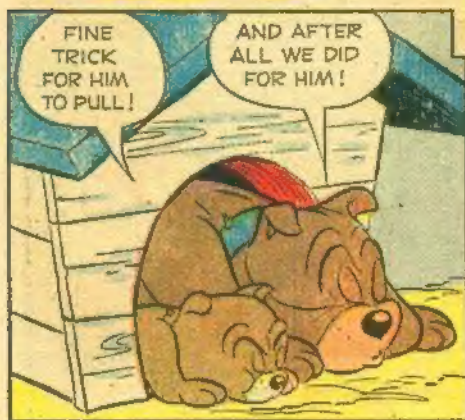
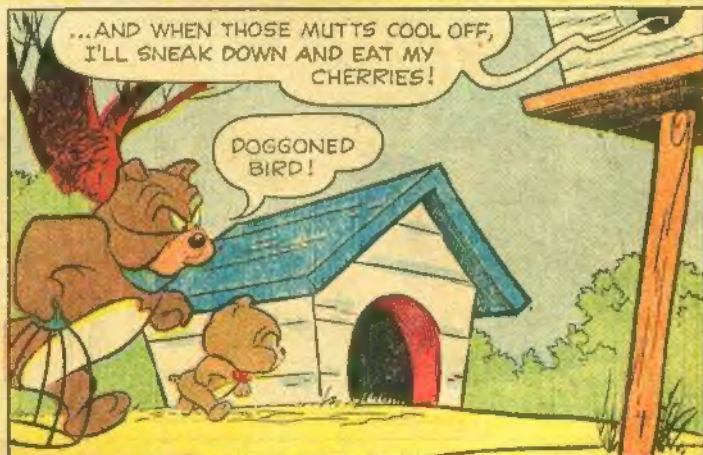
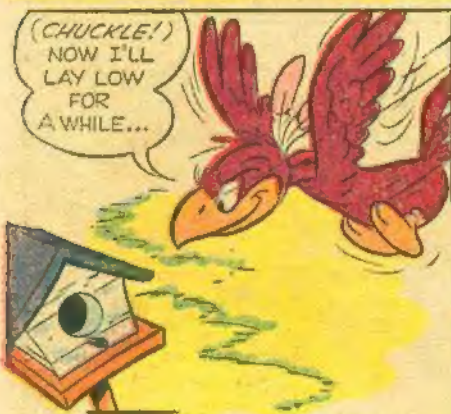


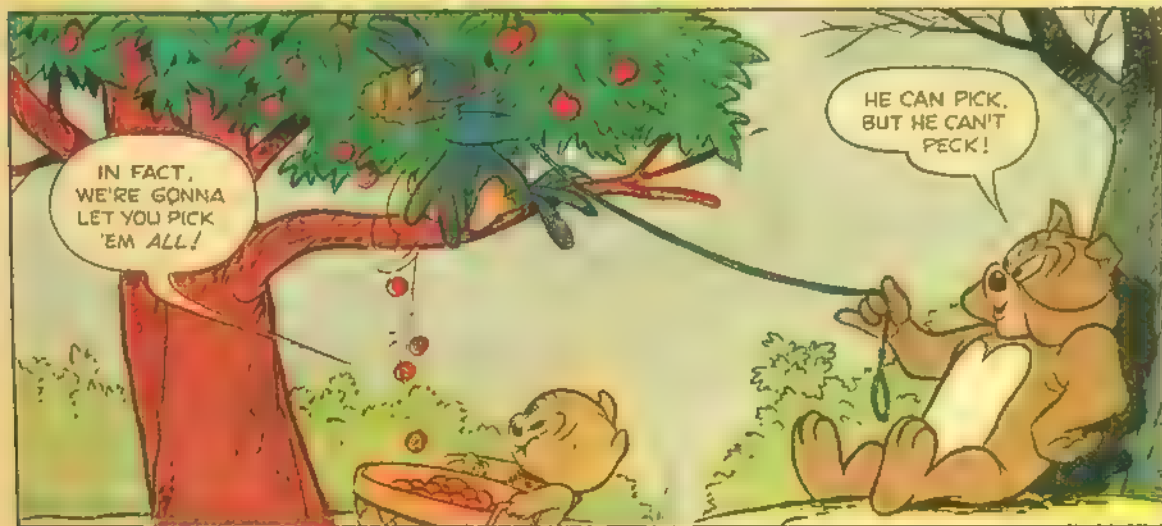
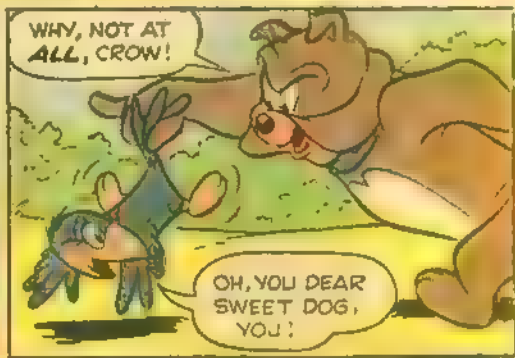
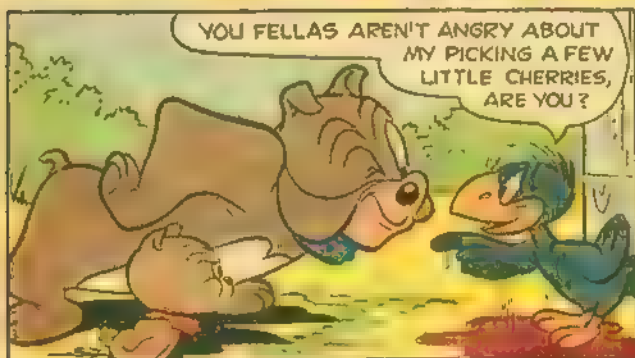
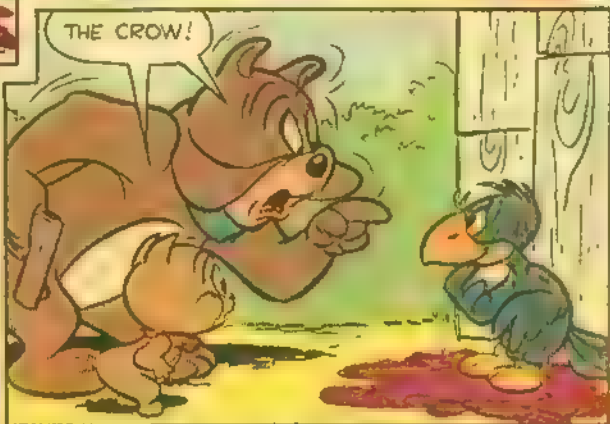
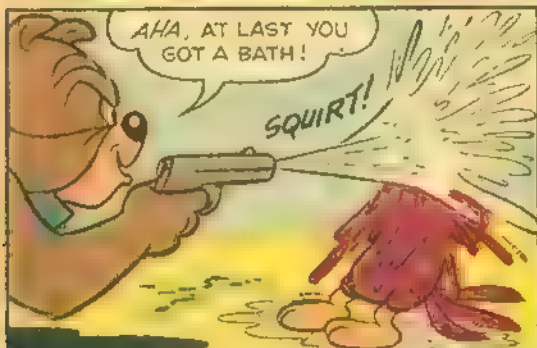
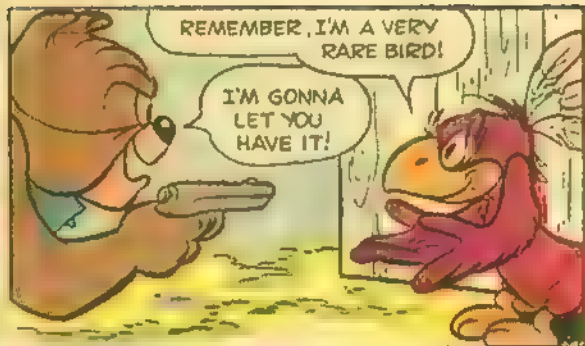
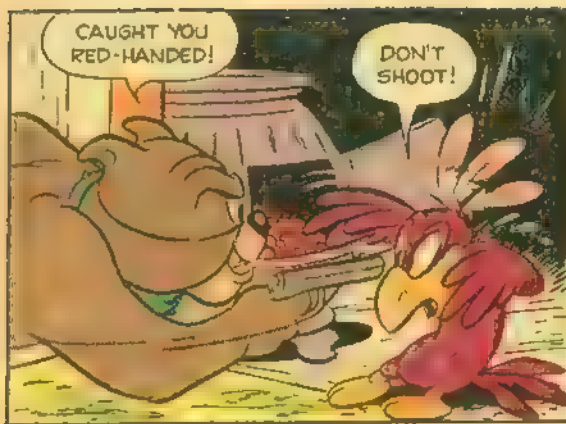








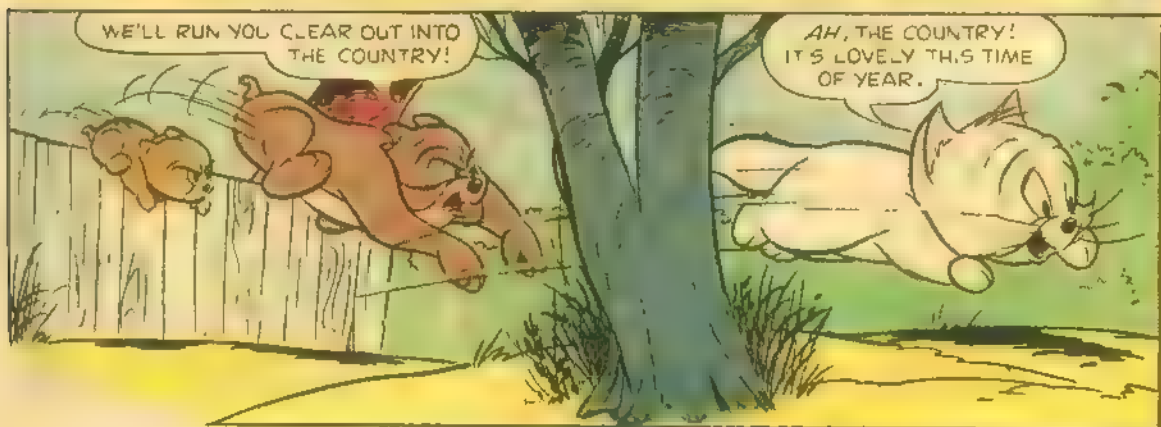
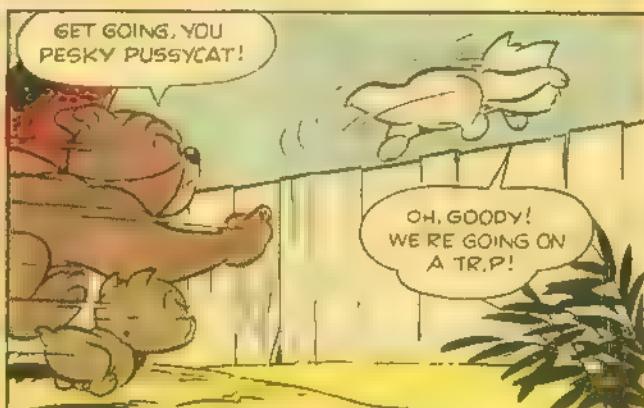
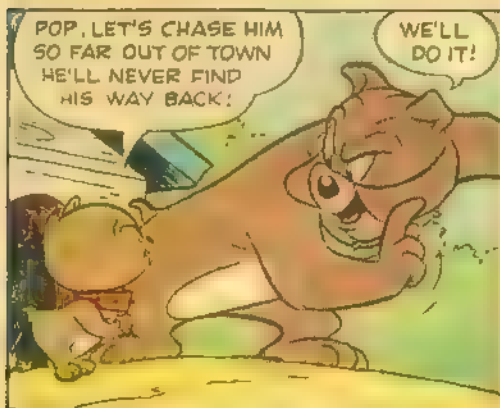


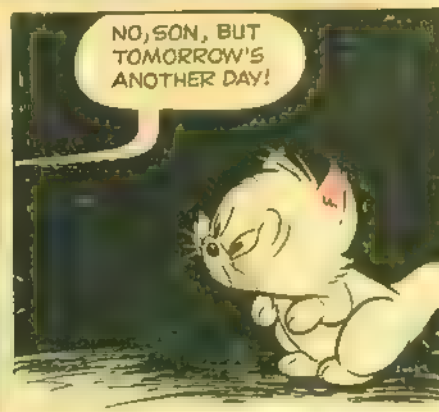
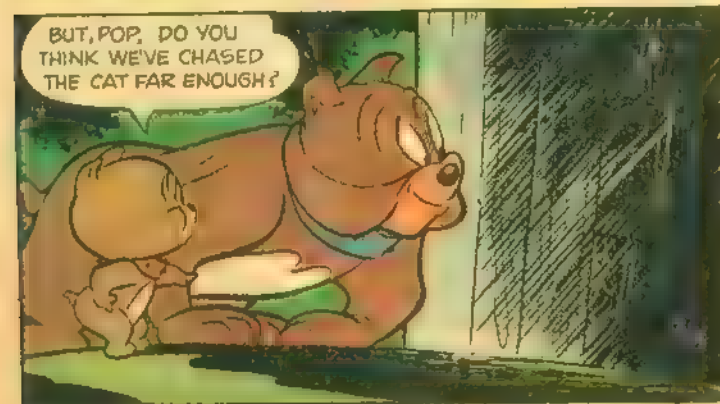
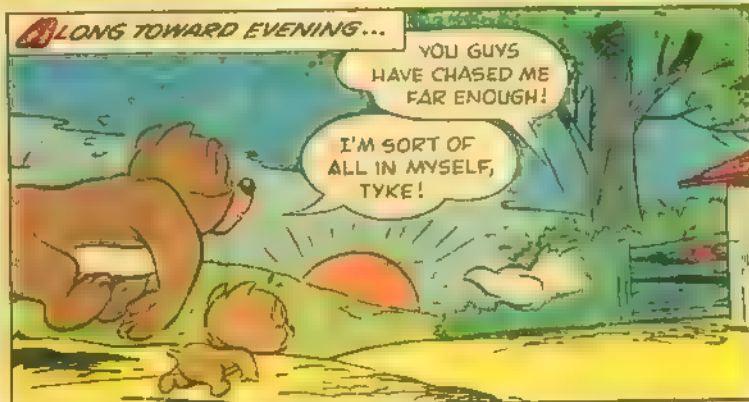
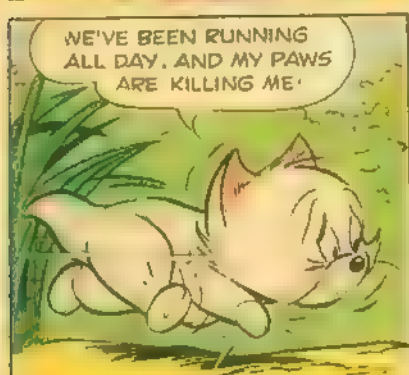
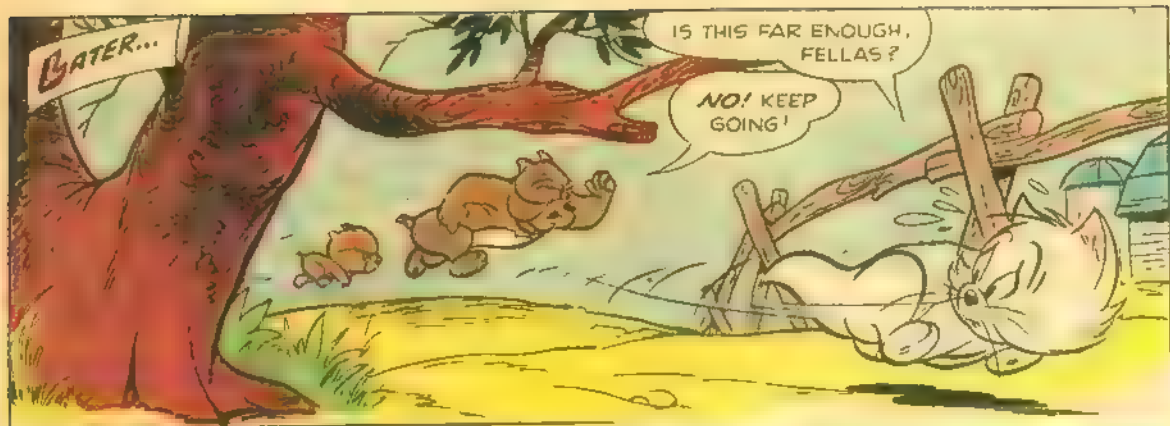


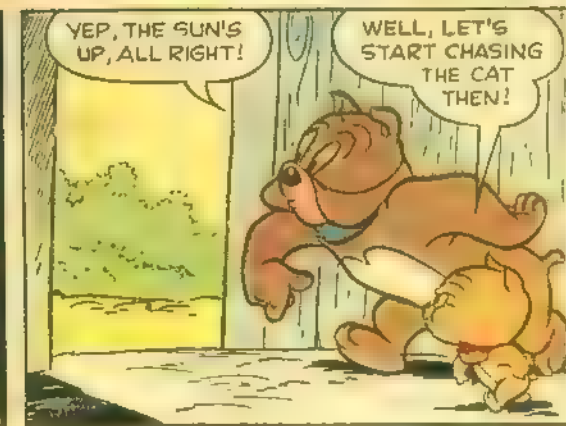
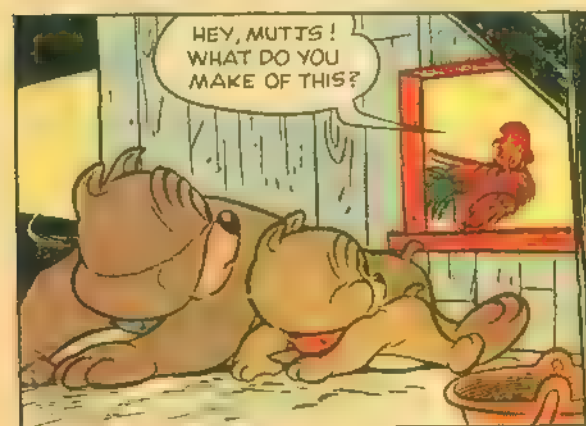
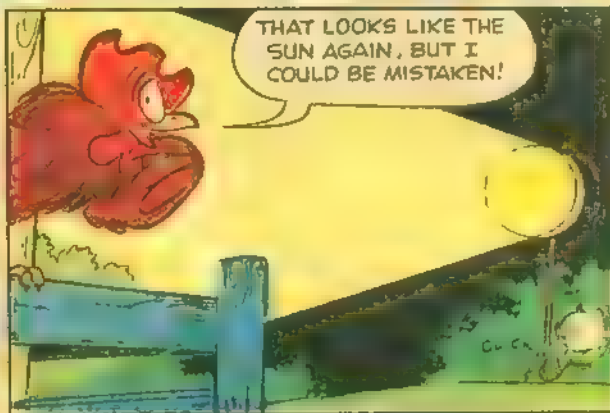
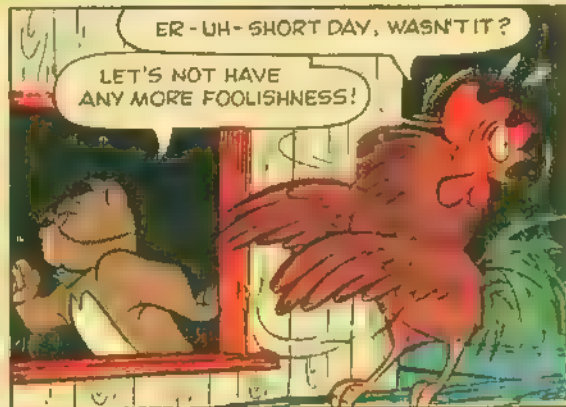
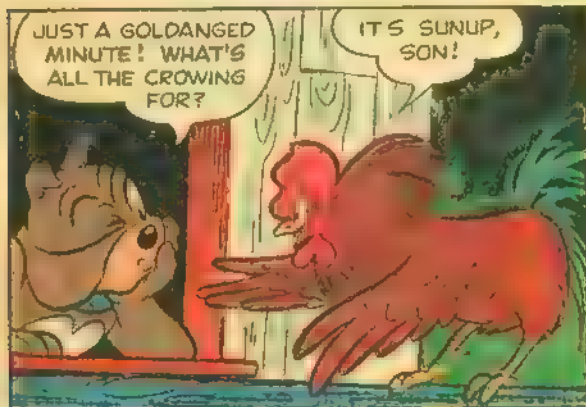
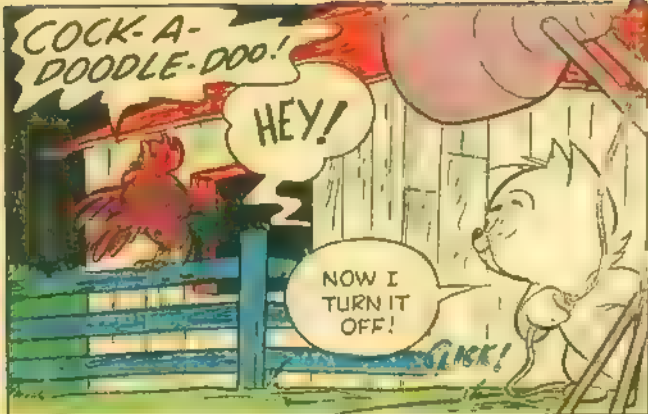
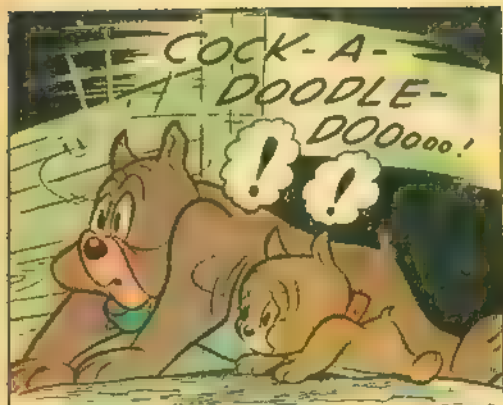
MGM CARTOONS
present

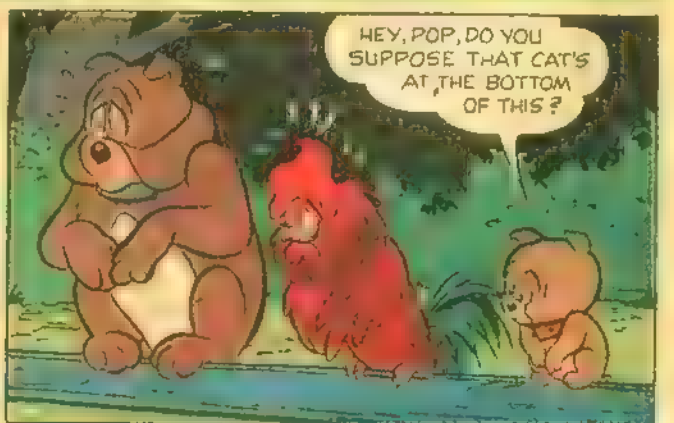
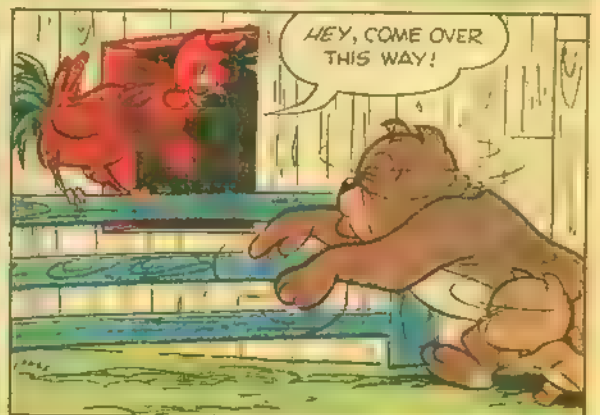
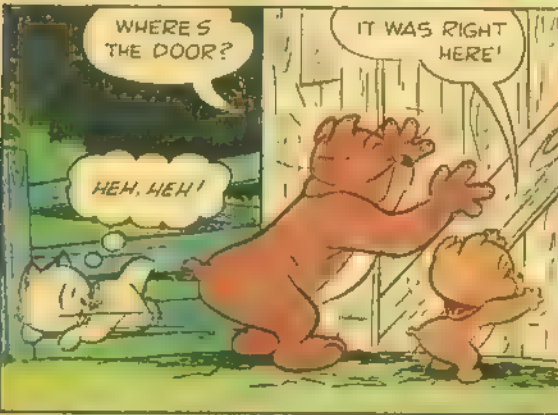
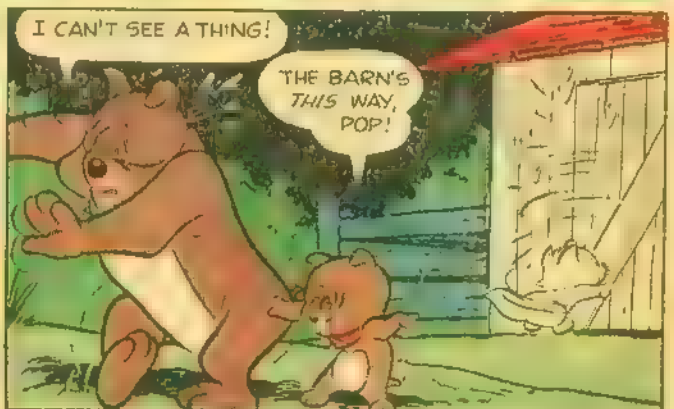
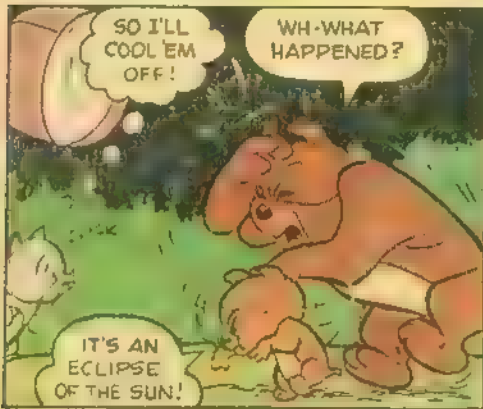
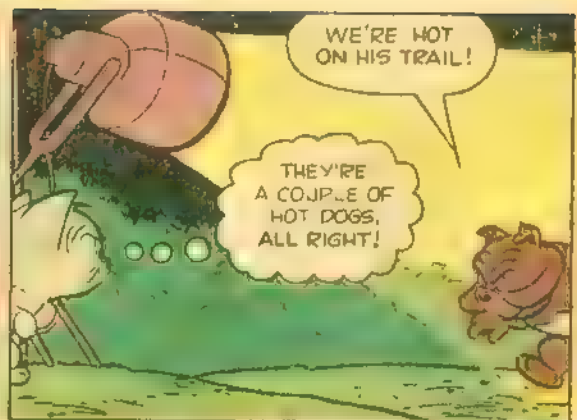
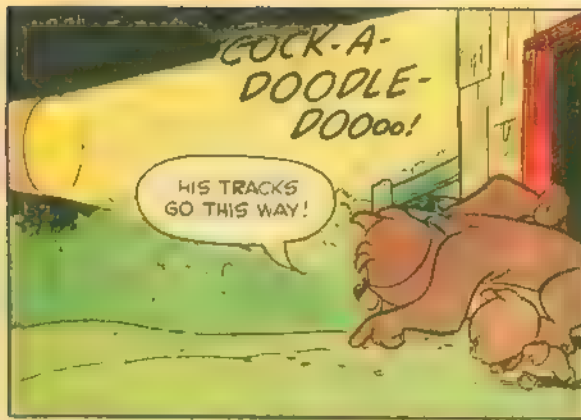
Big SPIKE and Little TYKE

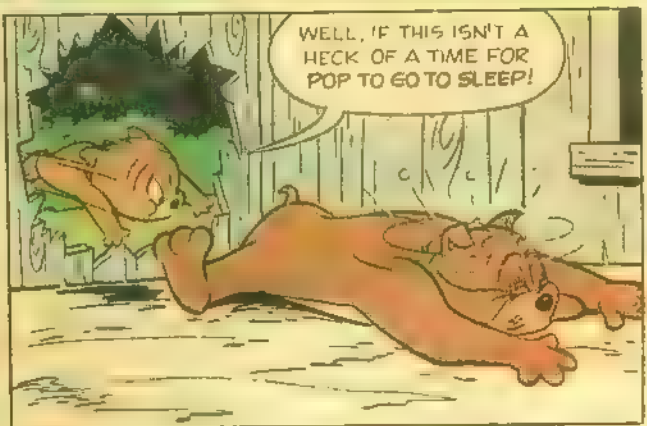
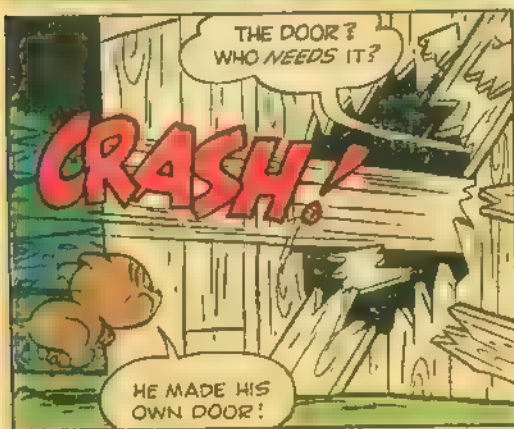
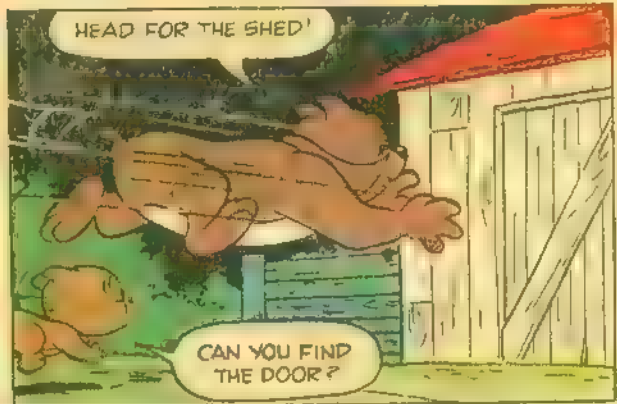
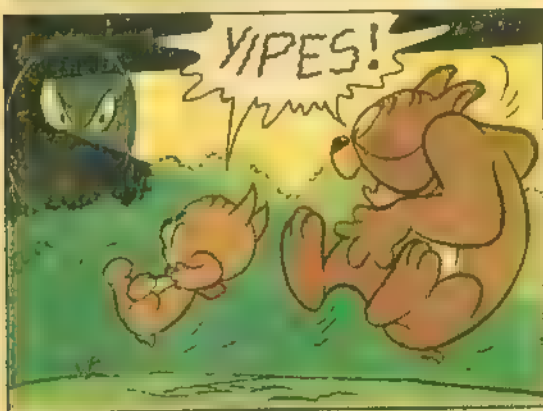
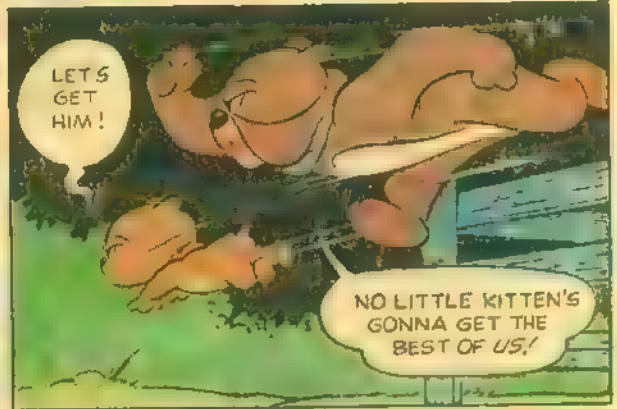
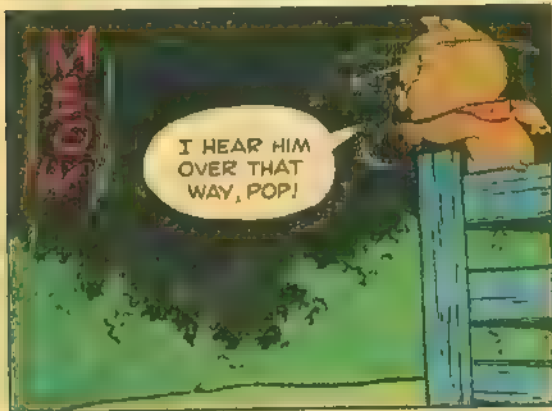
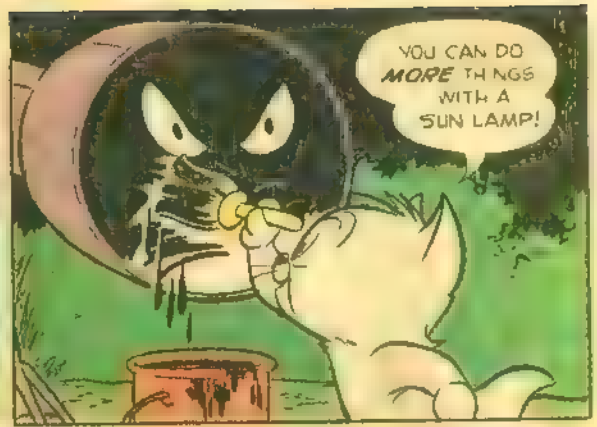
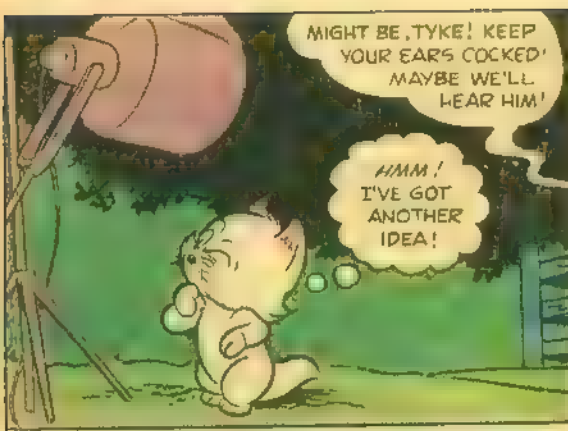
in **HOWLIN' SUCCESS**

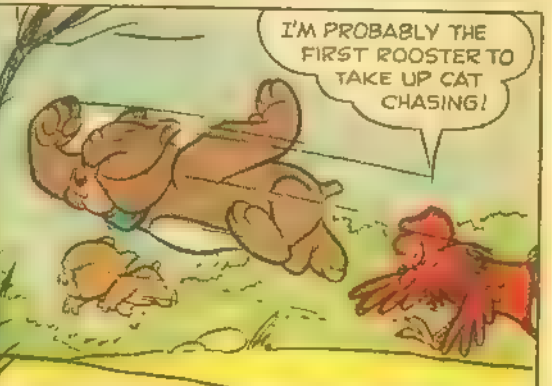
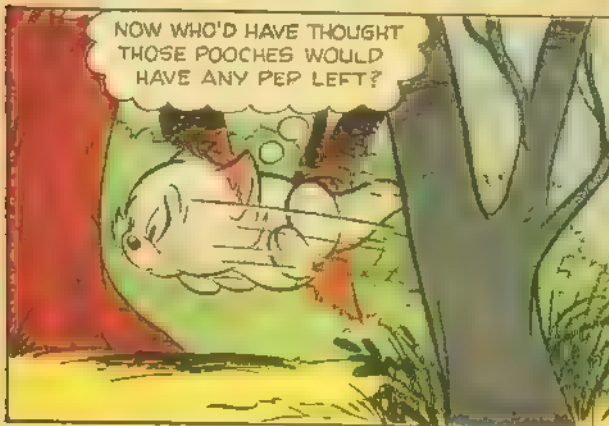
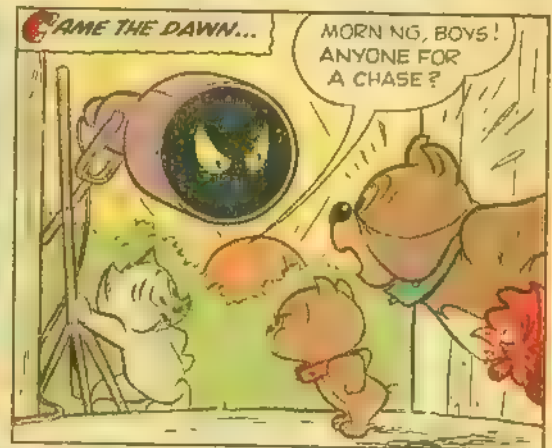
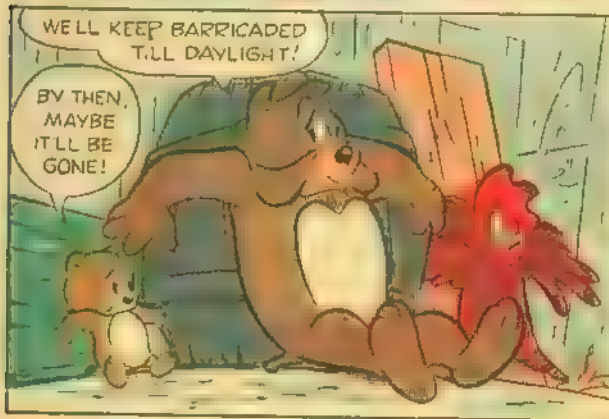
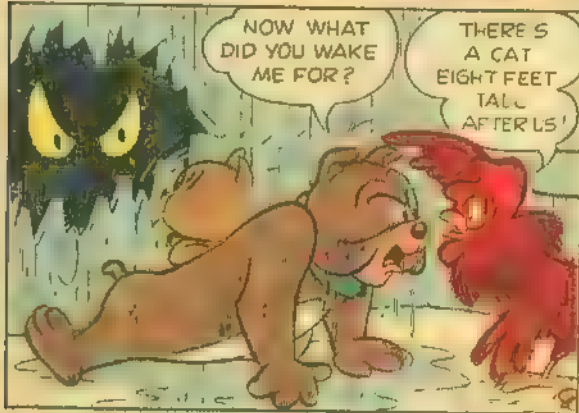
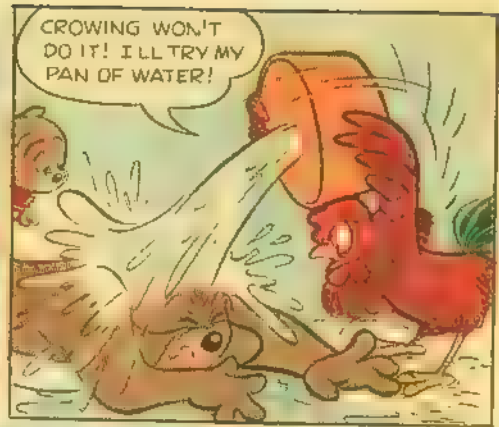
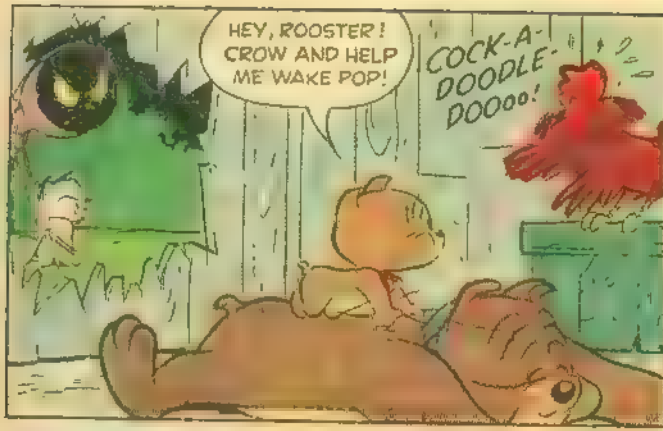


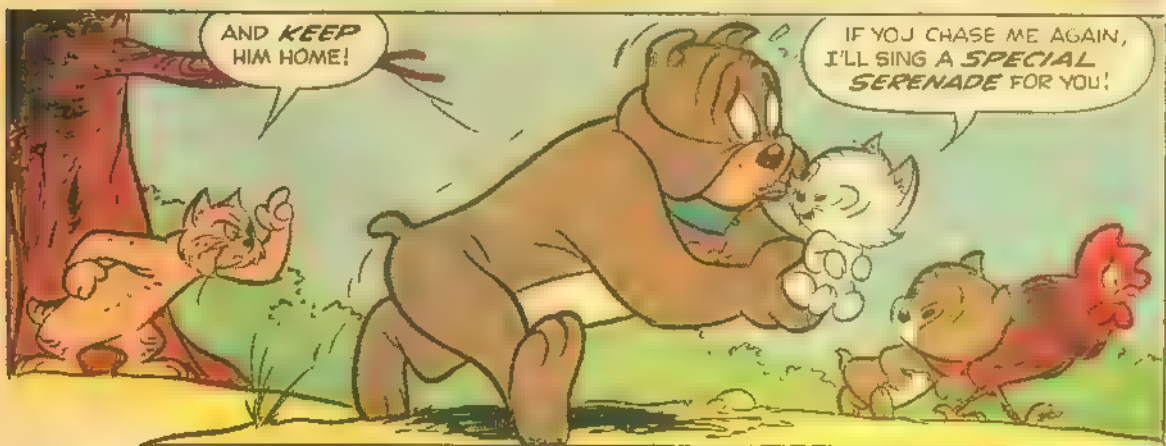
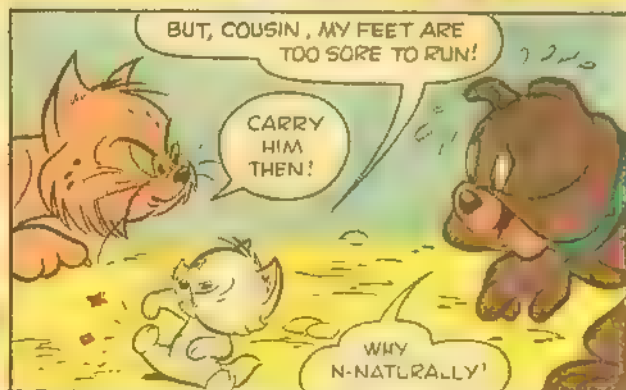
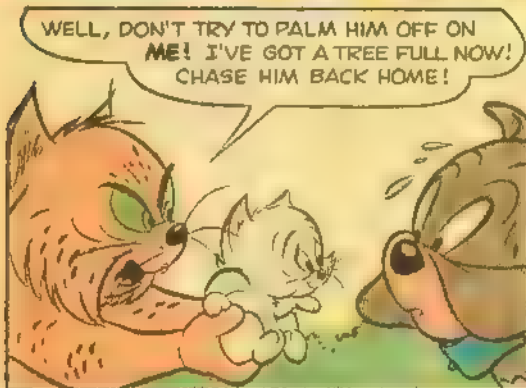
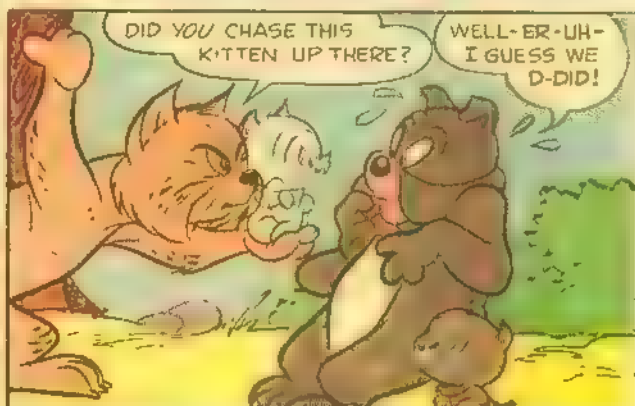
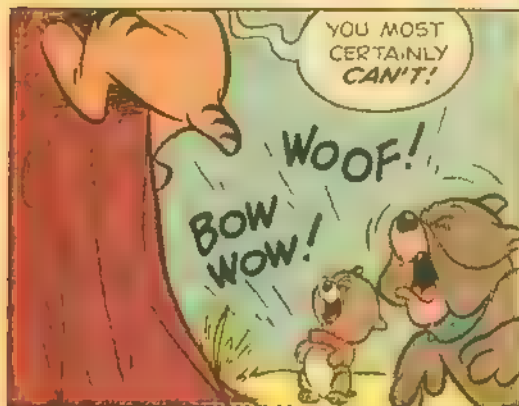
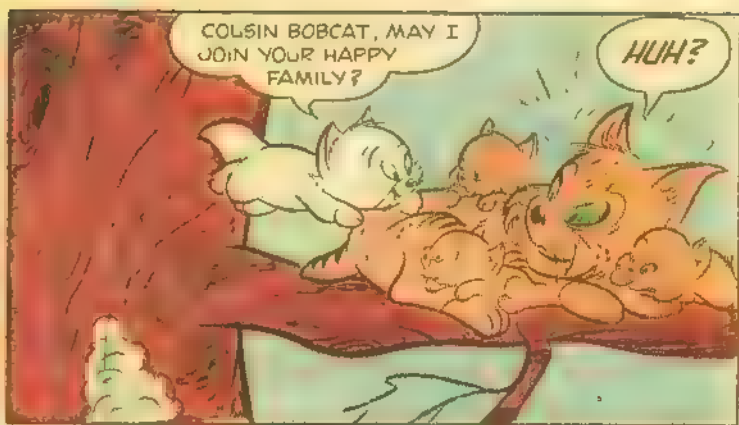
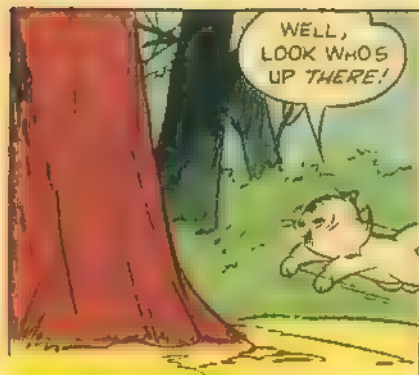






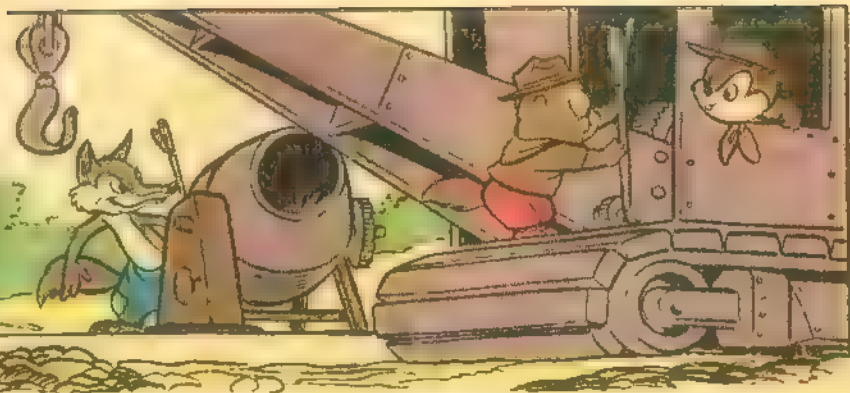






present

THE GOOD SCOUTS



"How do I look, Sammy?" Wuff asked his friend Sammy Squirrel one afternoon. They were both wearing the spanking new green uniforms of the Good Scouts.

Sammy grinned. "Pretty good for just a prairie dog, I guess. But it takes a stalwart squirrel to really set off one of these outfits!"

"Is that so?" Wuff snorted good-naturedly. "And, since you're so perfect," he questioned, "I suppose you're all set with your good deed of the day to report to the meeting tonight?"

Sammy squirmed a bit. "As a matter of fact, no," he said rather worriedly. "How about you?"

Wuff shook his head. "But I have an idea," he confided. "There's a gang of workmen down the way, paving a road leading to the main highway. I thought maybe we could offer them our services!"

Sammy brightened. "Fine!" he cried. "I must admit there are times when you're almost as smart as I am!"

The two friends were so busy talking, they did not see Charlie Coyote crouched low behind a nearby bush. Charlie bared his fangs hungrily. "Their good deed," he snickered to himself wickedly, "is going to be providin' me with stew for my supper... squirrel and prairie dog stew, that is!" Cautiously, he followed Wuff and Sammy to the half-paved road.

"I don't see any workmen!" Sammy suddenly exclaimed, looking around.

"No wonder!" Wuff observed brightly, pointing to a sign that read "Out To Lunch." Then he sighed, sadly. "Well, there goes our good deed for today! Unless —"

Sammy was quick to catch on. "Sure!"

he cried. "We'll surprise them and finish their work for them!"

They climbed up on one of the big road machines. "Say," Wuff shouted excitedly, "look at the big crane on this one!"

"It goes up and down," Sammy nodded, excitedly. "It works from this lever here, see?" Slowly he brought the big crane towards the ground.

"Well, what do you know!" Wuff grinned. "It's certainly going to be fun doing this good deed, I must say!"

Just then, Charlie Coyote jumped noisily out in front of them. "It sure is!" he agreed with a wicked snarl. "I'm going to have just a merry old time cartin' you two off to my stewpot!"

Sammy started to move but Wuff caught him by the arm. "We're perfectly safe," he whispered. "Look! Charlie's stepped right into a mess of wet cement!"

Sammy burst out laughing. "Come and get us, Charlie!" he invited. "We promise not to move until you get here!"

Charlie tried to pounce forward. It was then he began to realize his predicament. Roaring angrily, he tugged and he yanked, but he could not pull his feet out of the drying cement. "Help!" he yelled. Then he appealed cunningly to Wuff and Sammy. "Here's your chance to do that good deed!" he pleaded, craftily.

"Sure!" Sammy cried. "We'll help you!" He moved the great crane out. "Catch onto this!" Slowly the big crane moved up in the air with Charlie dangling on the end.

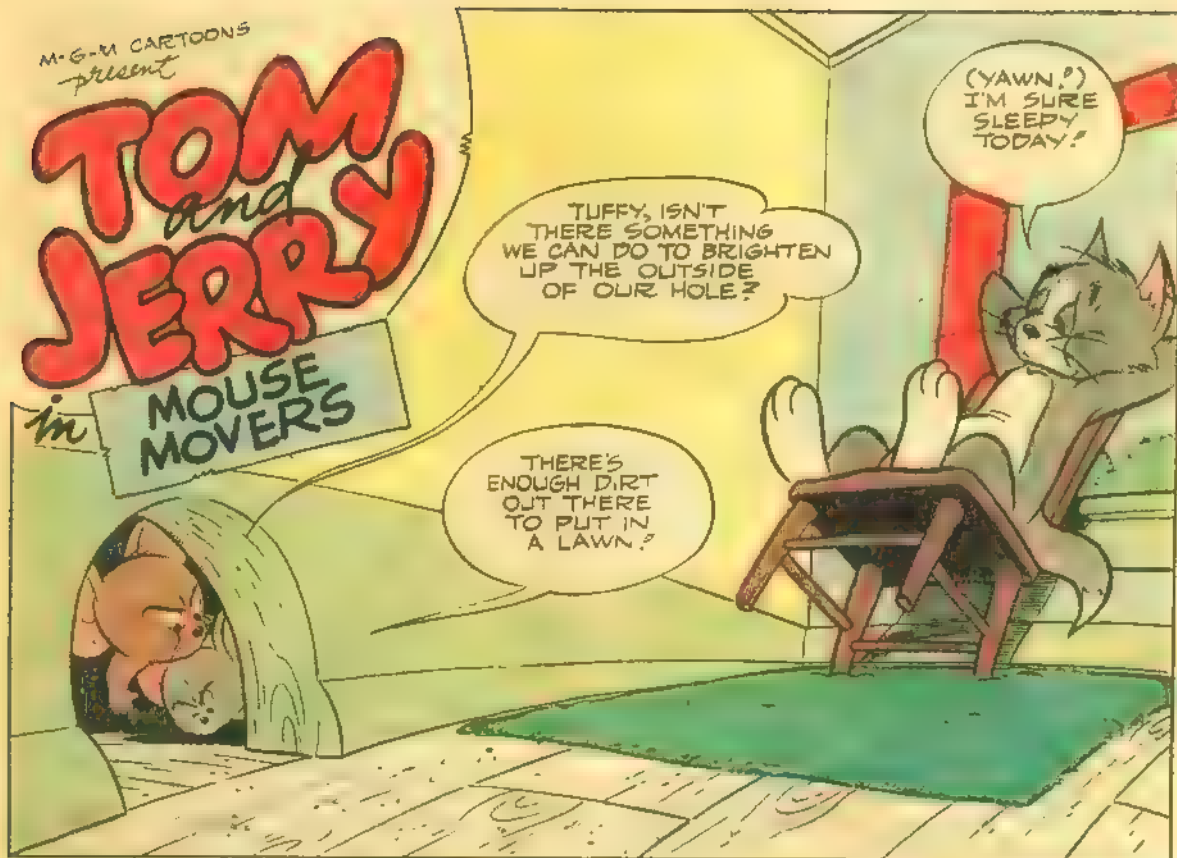
"What kind of good deed is this!" Charlie howled with anger.

Wuff chortled. "I'm sure the Good Scouts will consider this very uplifting!"

M-G-M CARTOONS
present

TOM and JERRY

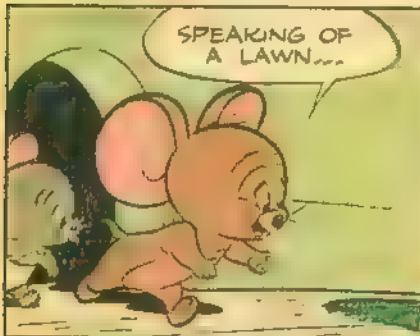
in
MOUSE
MOVERS



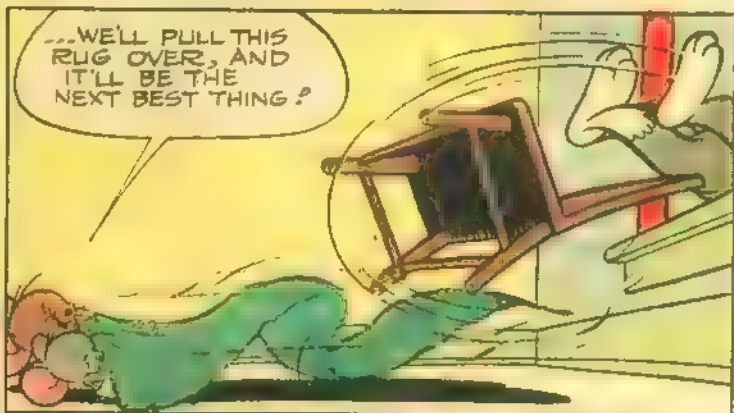
(YAWN?)
I'M SURE
SLEEPY
TODAY!

TUFFY, ISN'T
THERE SOMETHING
WE CAN DO TO BRIGHTEN
UP THE OUTSIDE
OF OUR HOLE?

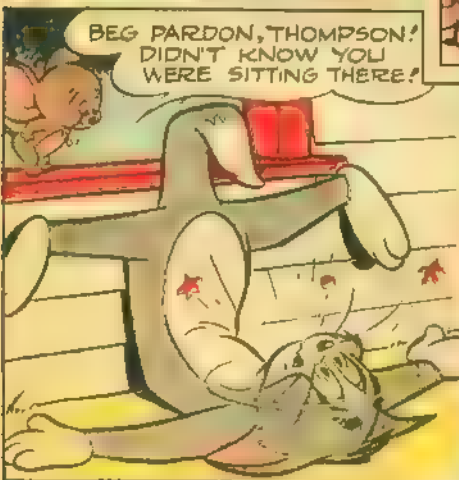
THERE'S
ENOUGH DIRT
OUT THERE
TO PUT IN
A LAWN?



SPEAKING OF
A LAWN...



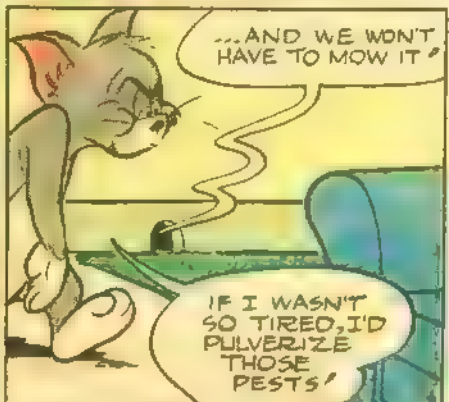
...WE'LL PULL THIS
RUG OVER, AND
IT'LL BE THE
NEXT BEST THING?



BEG PARDON, THOMPSON!
DIDN'T KNOW YOU
WERE SITTING THERE!

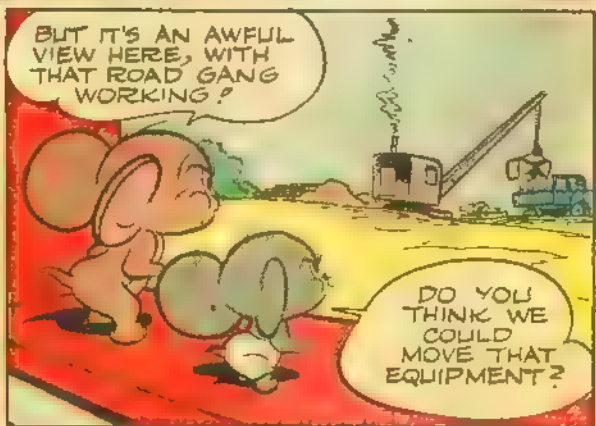
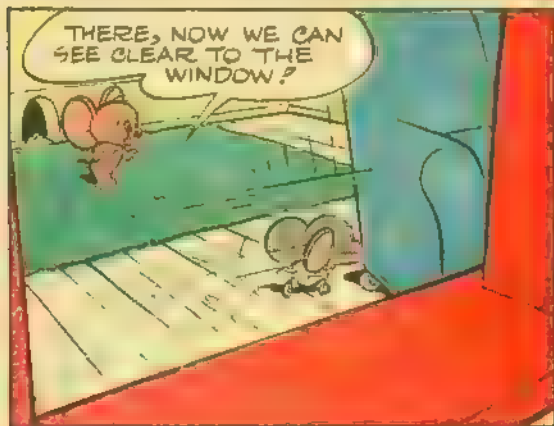
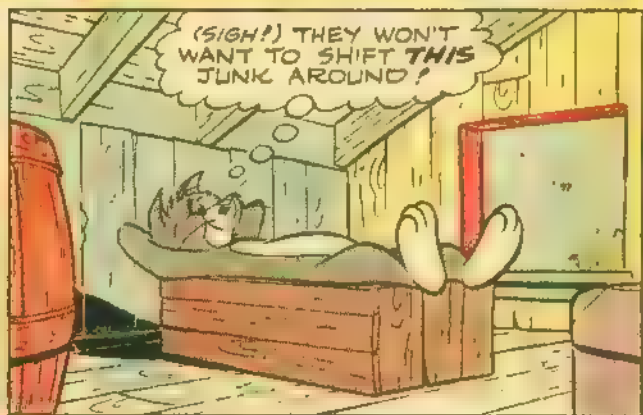
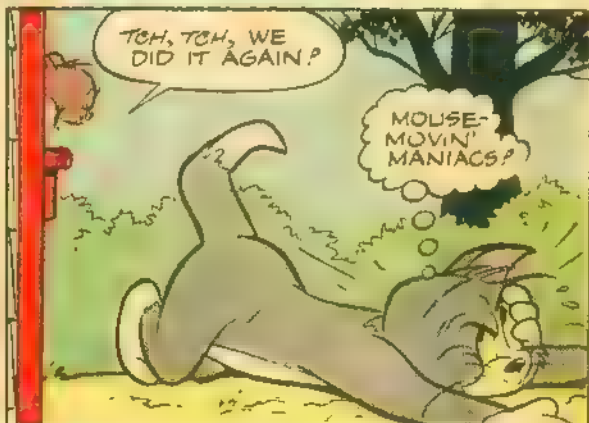
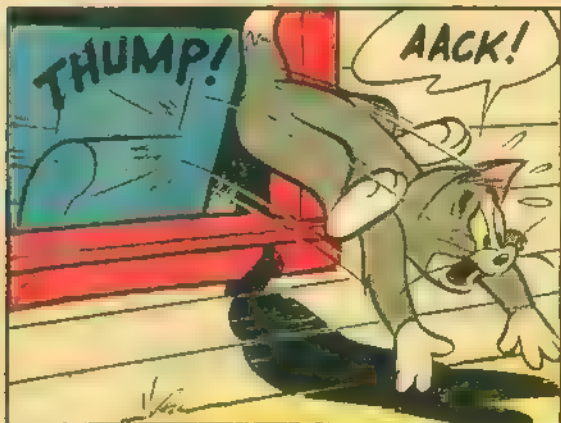
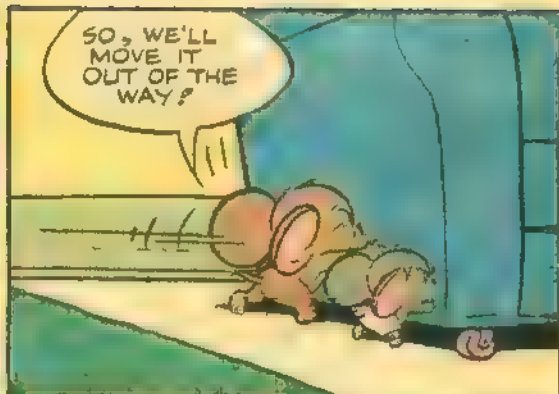
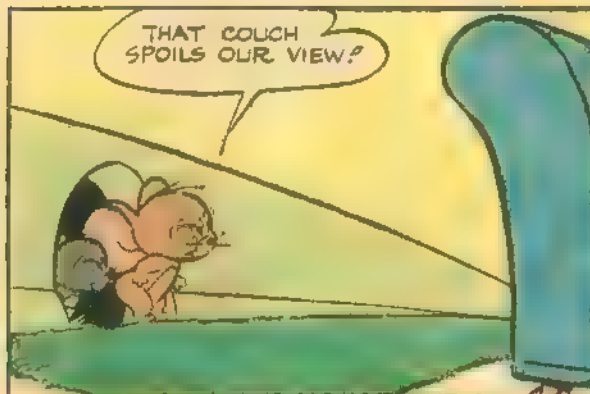


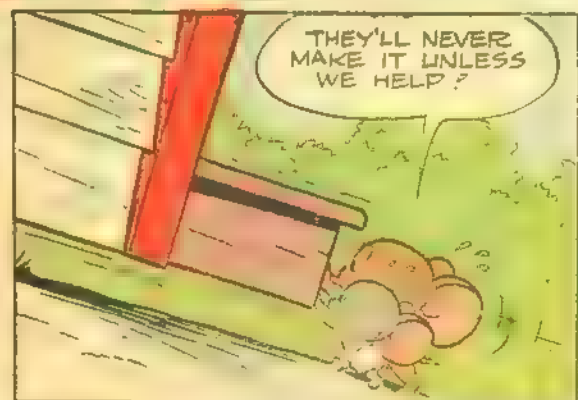
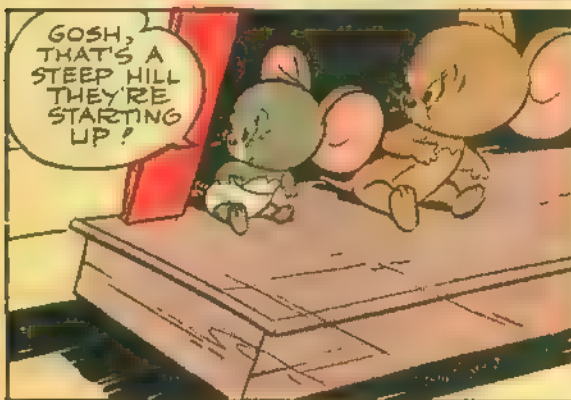
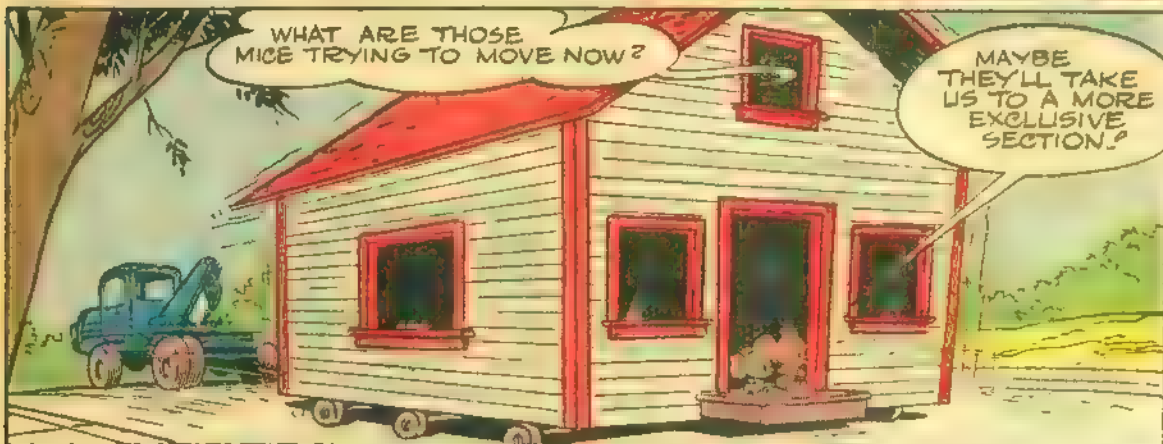
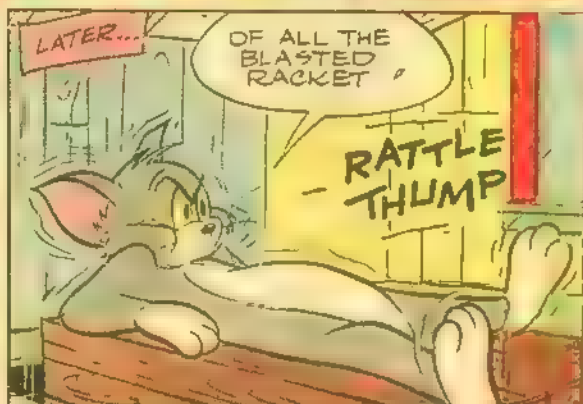
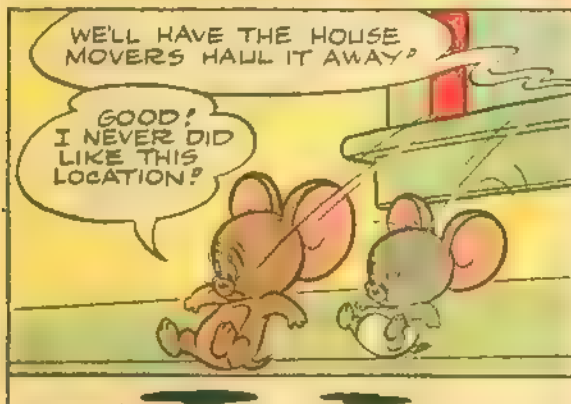
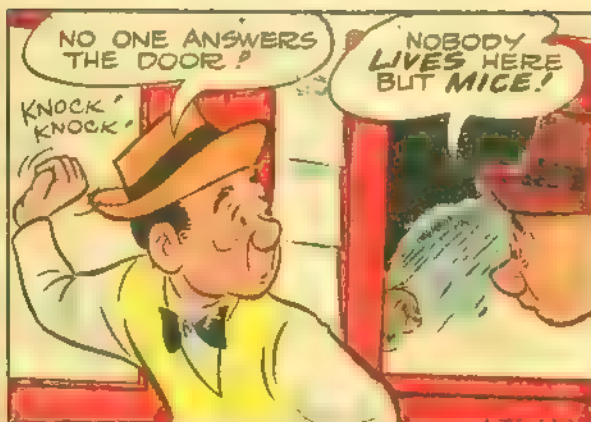
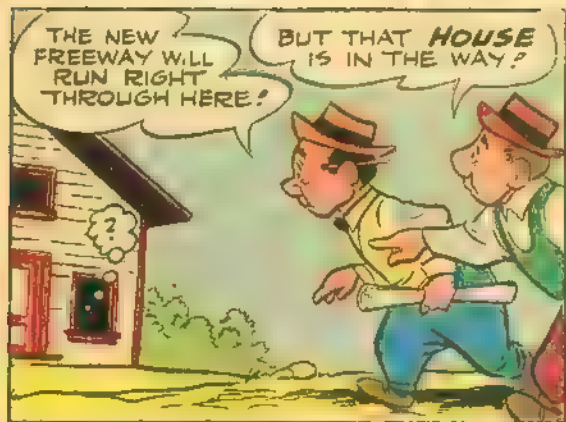
THIS IS JUST
AS GOOD AS
GRASS?

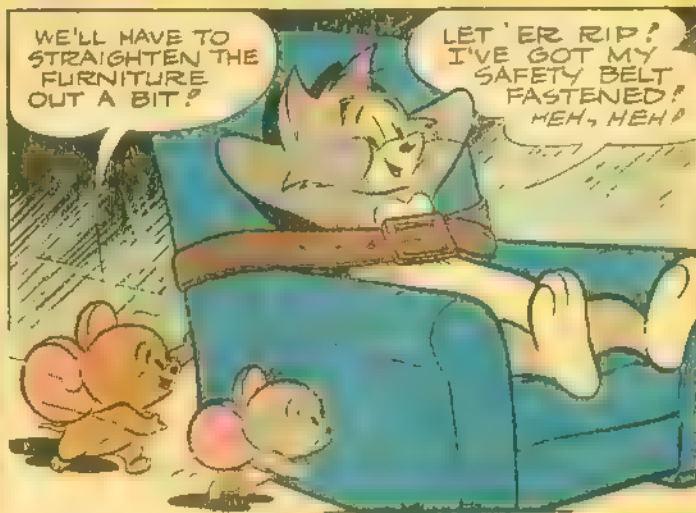
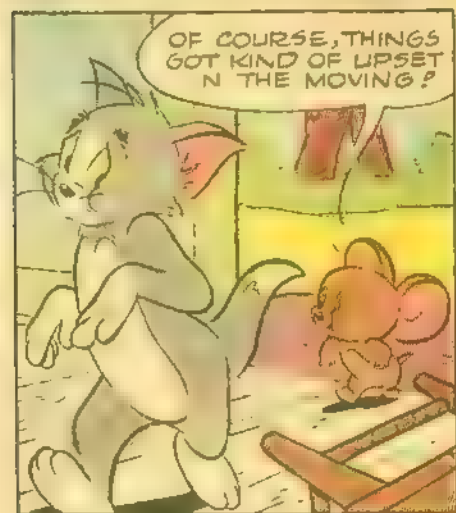
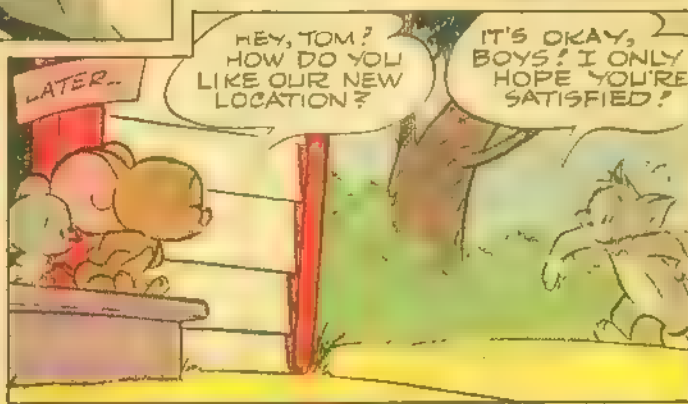
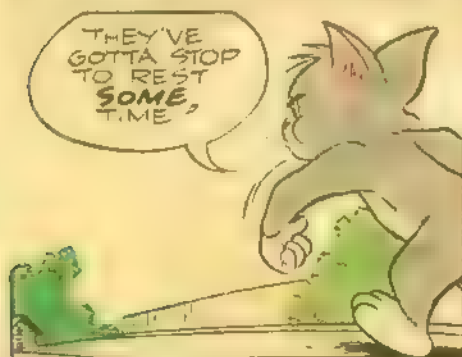
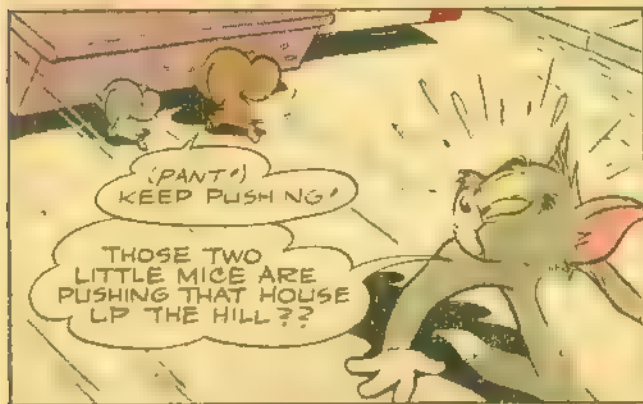
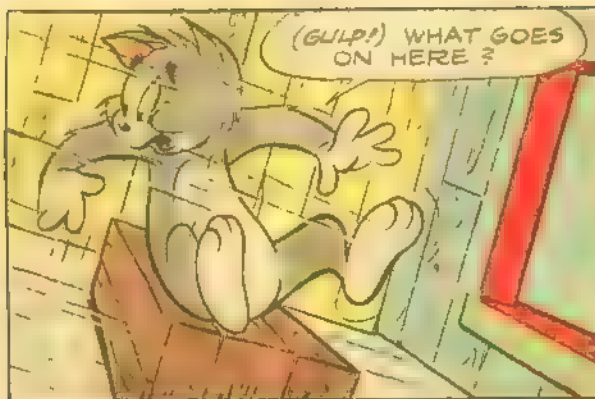


...AND WE WON'T
HAVE TO MOW IT!

IF I WASN'T
SO TIRED, I'D
PULVERIZE
THOSE
PESTS!



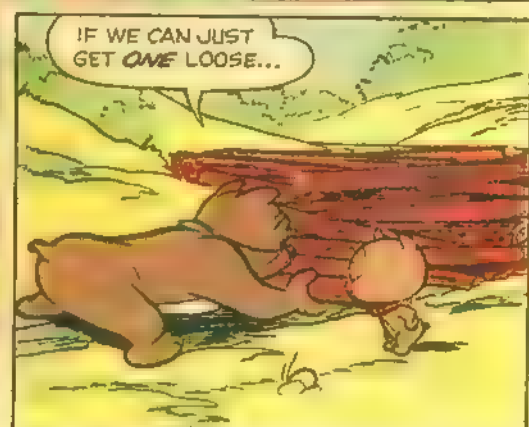
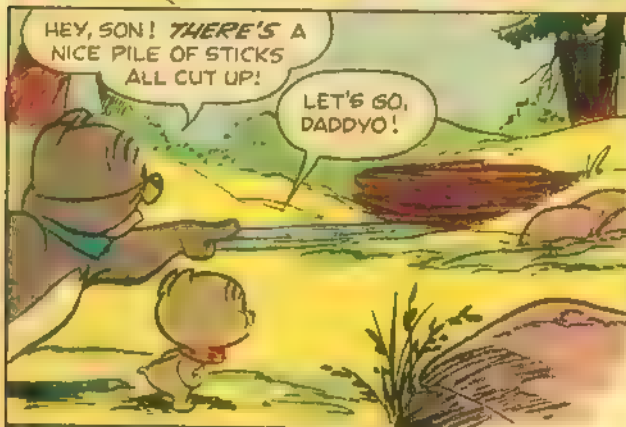
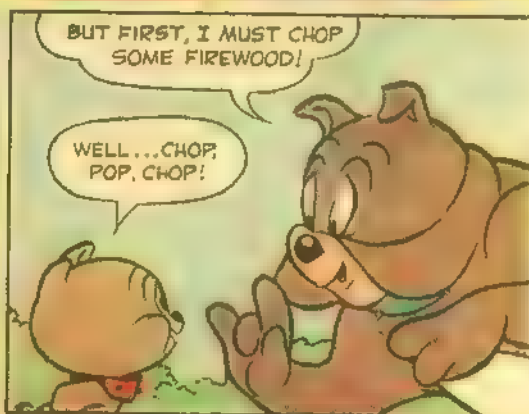
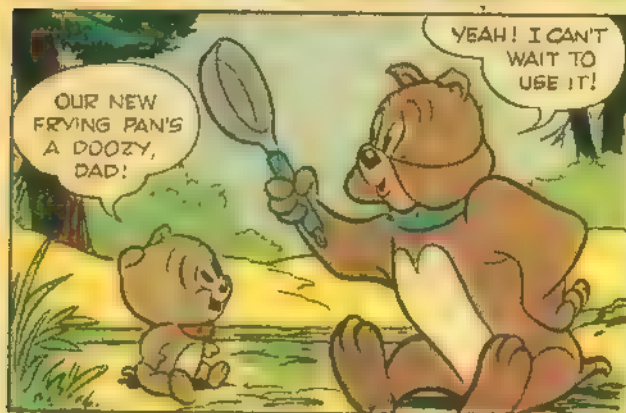


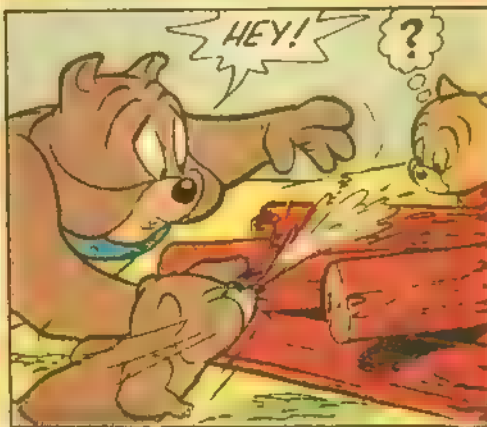
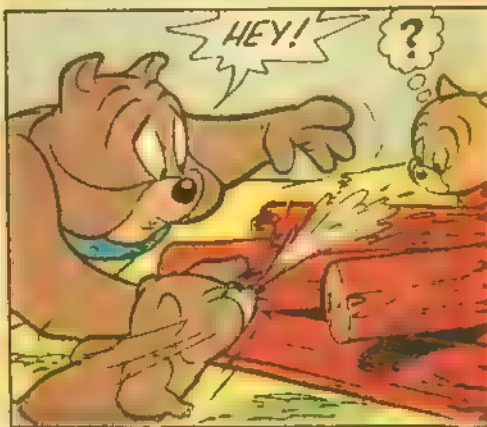
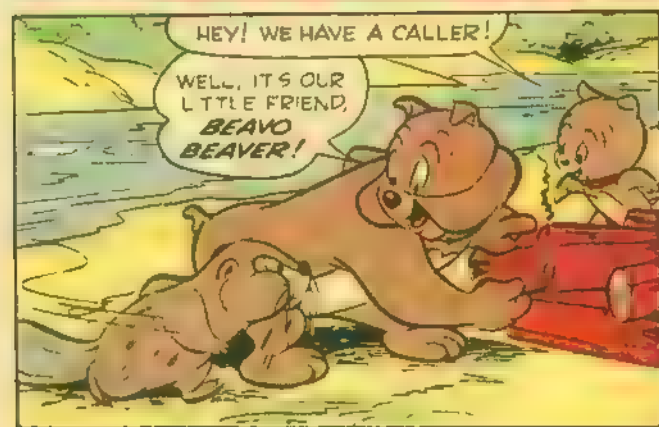
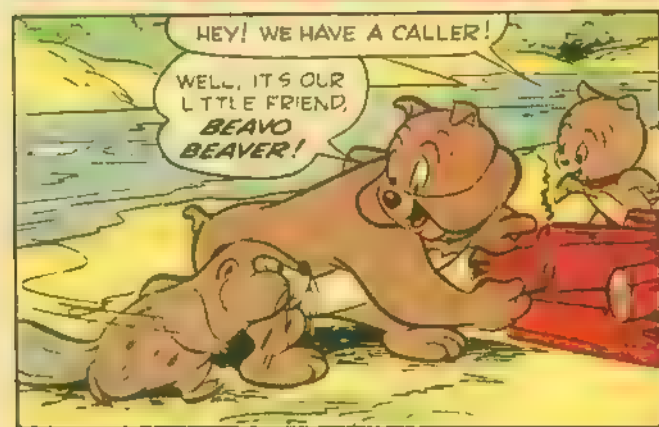
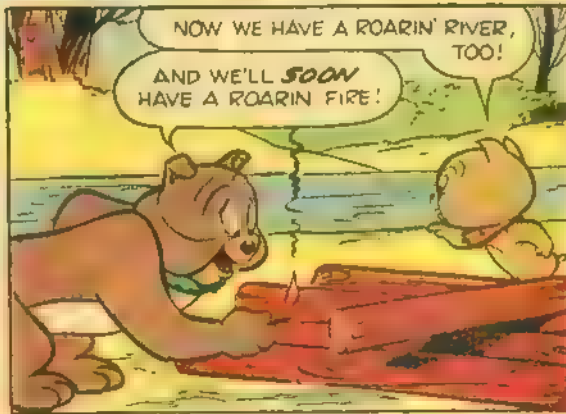
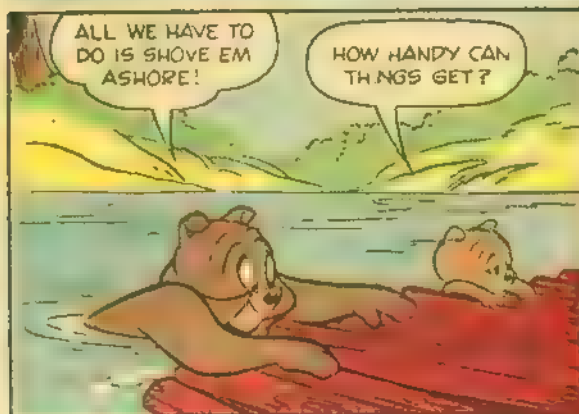
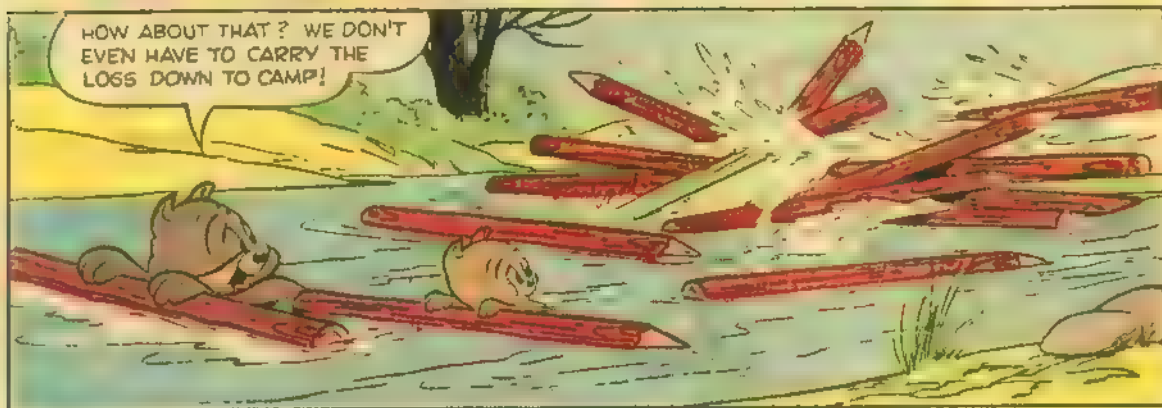
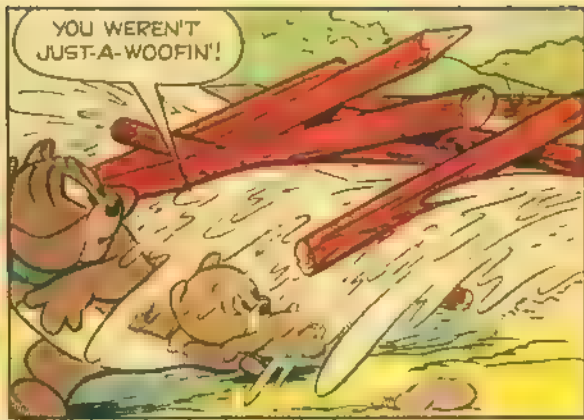
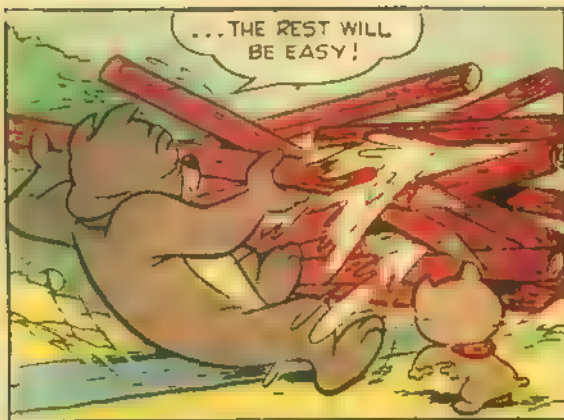


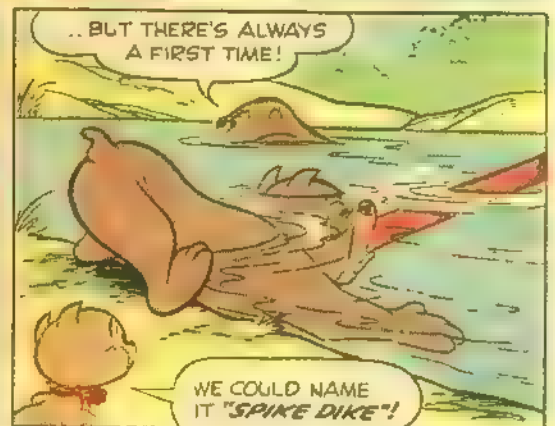
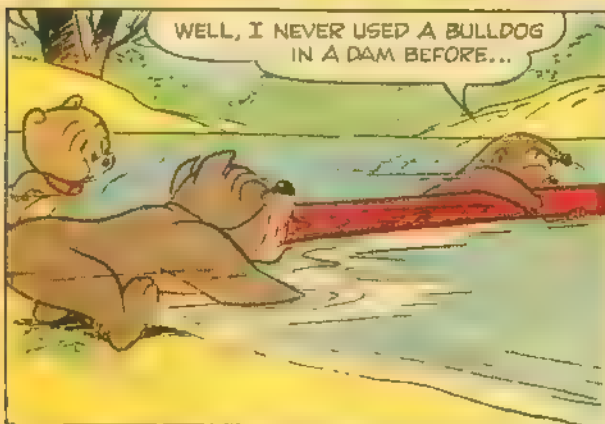
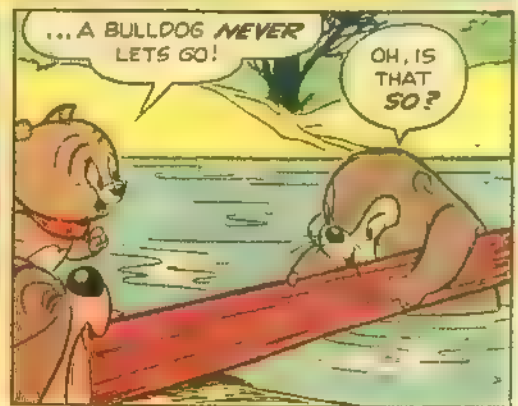
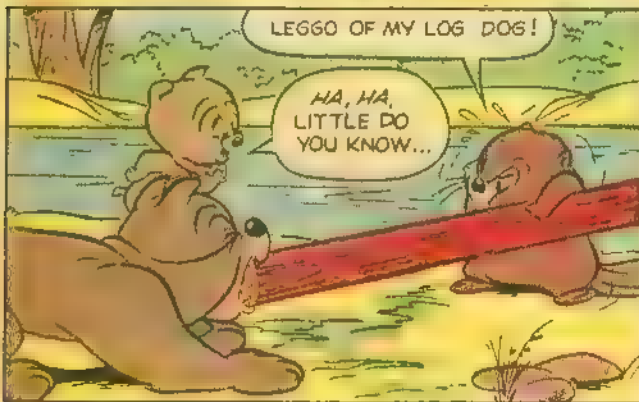
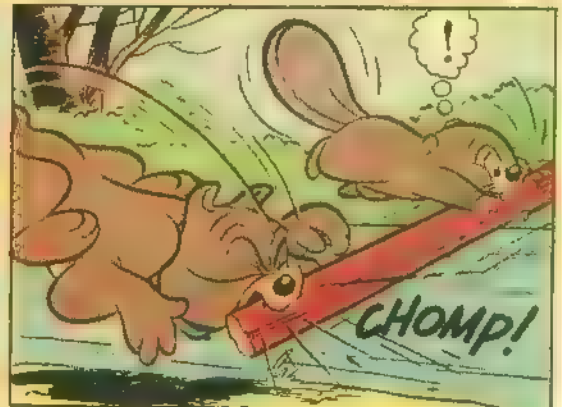
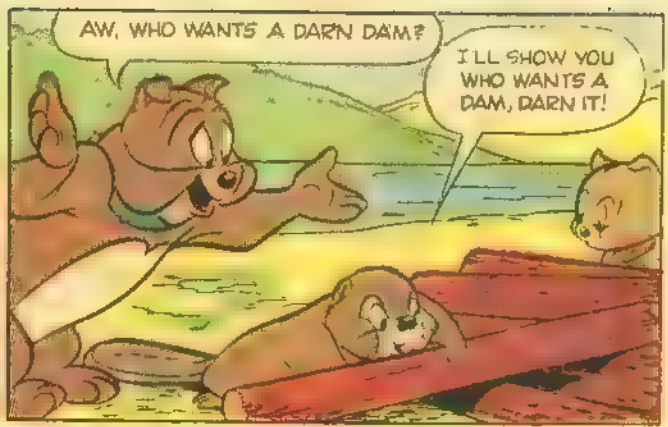
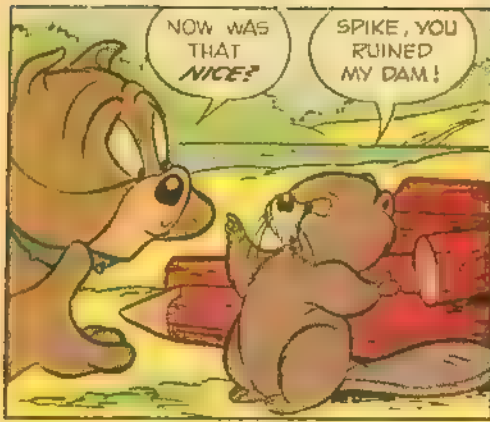
M-G-M CARTOONS
present

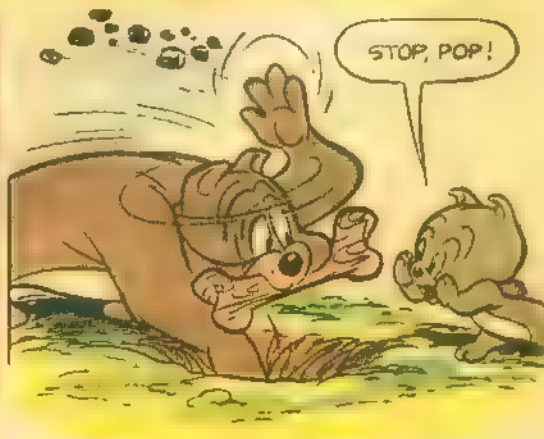
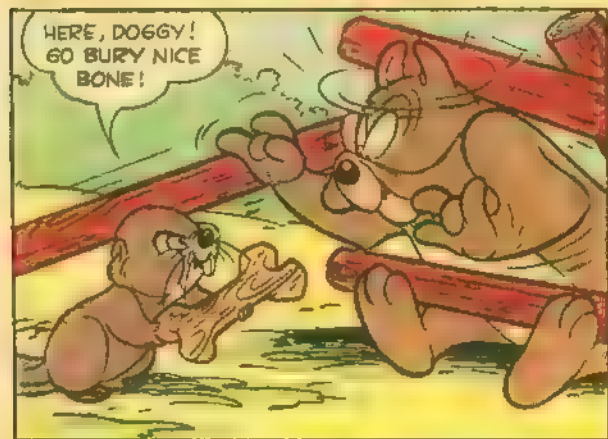
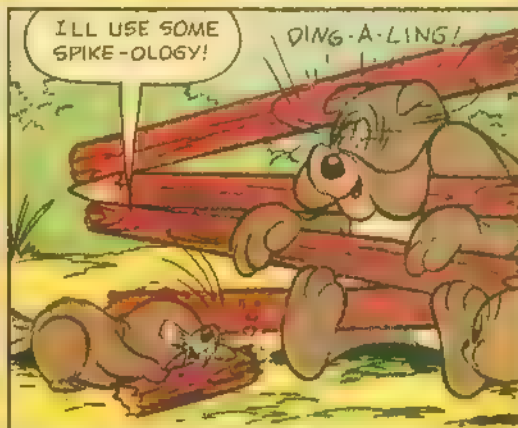
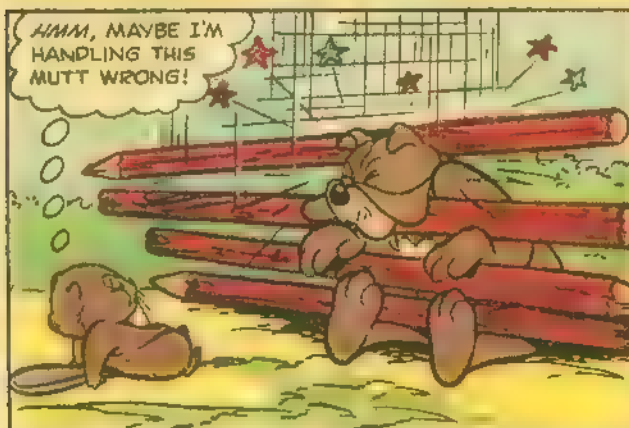
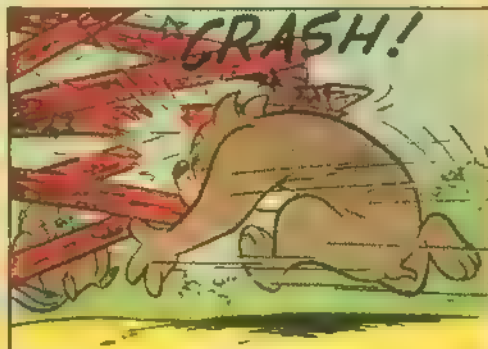
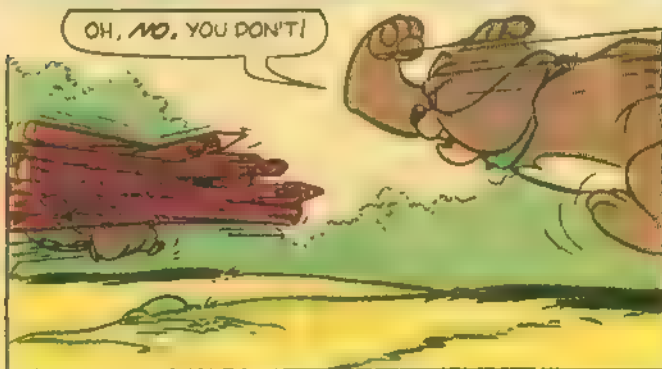
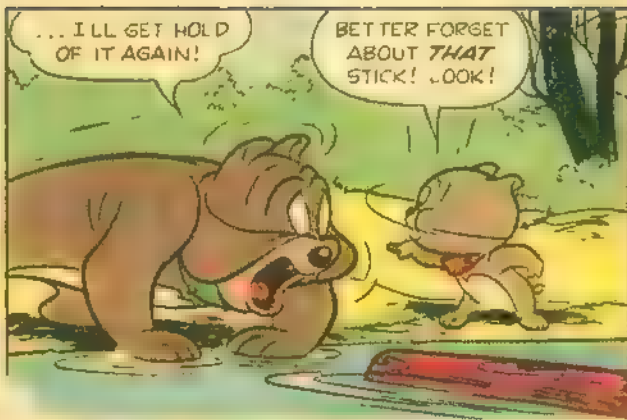
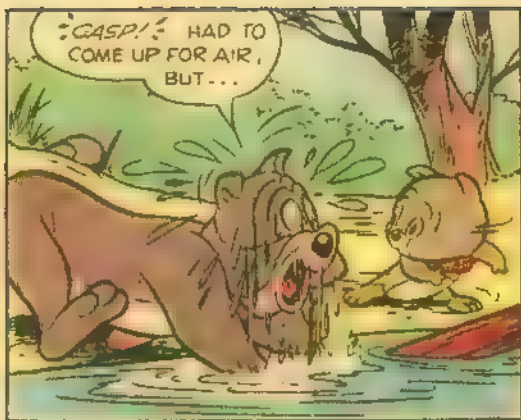
Big SPIKE and Little TYKE

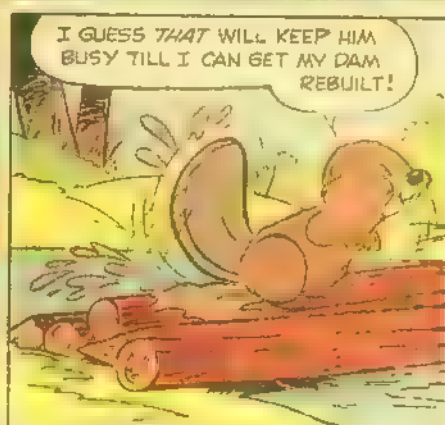
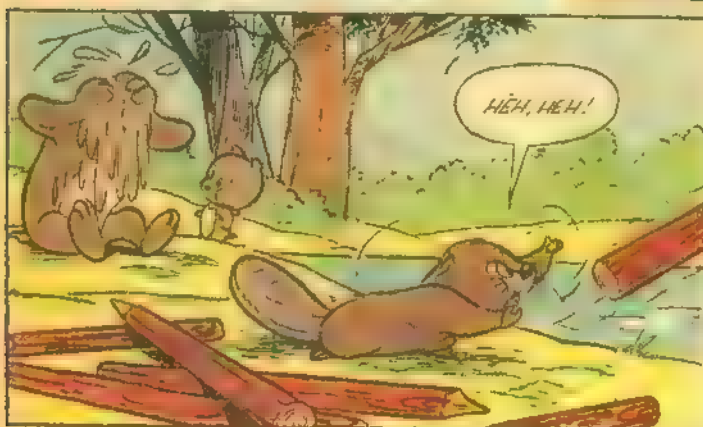
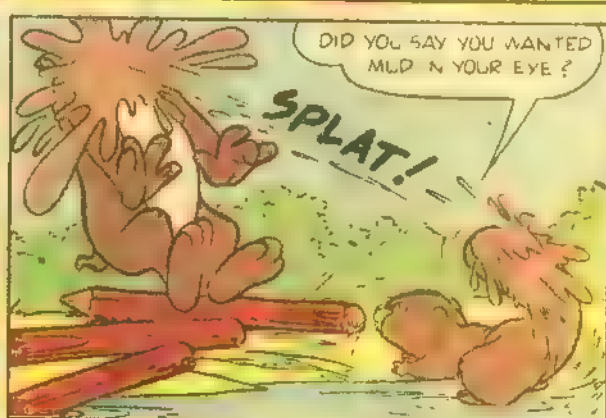
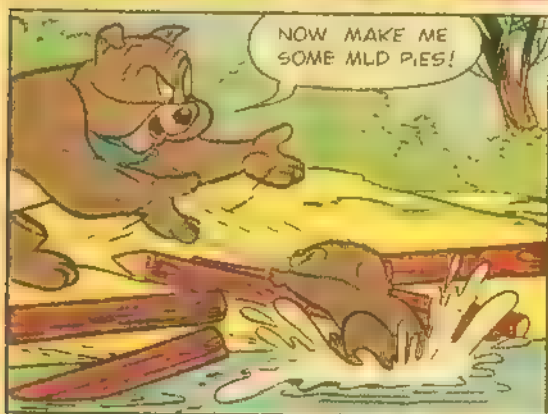
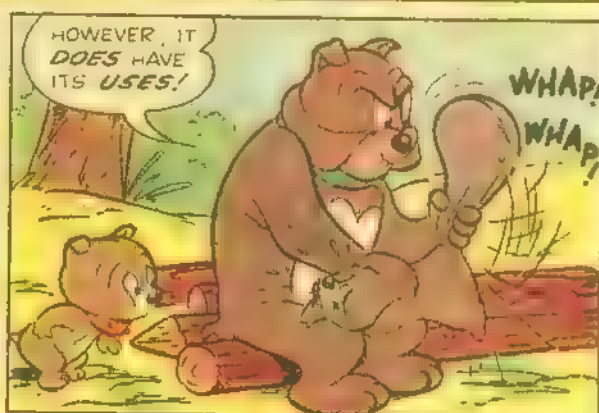
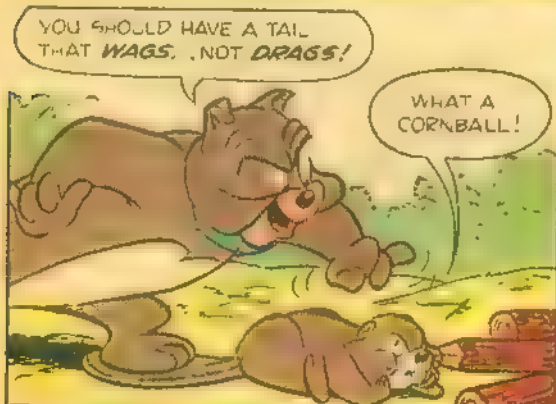
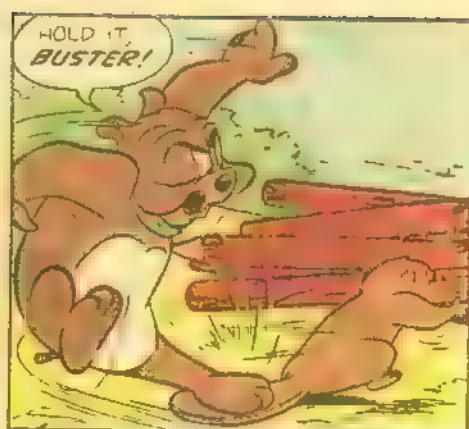
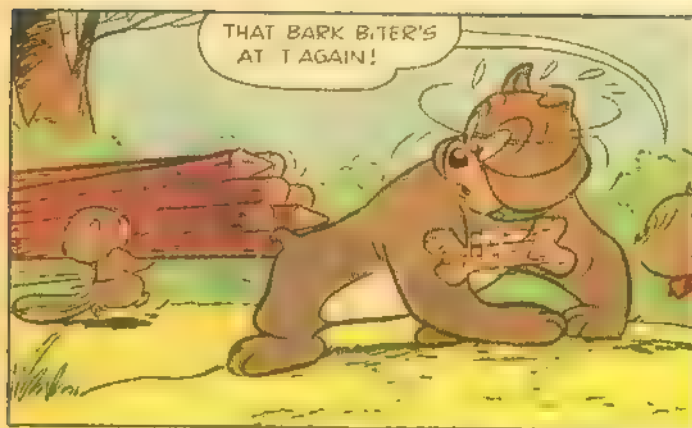
BUSY
BEAVER

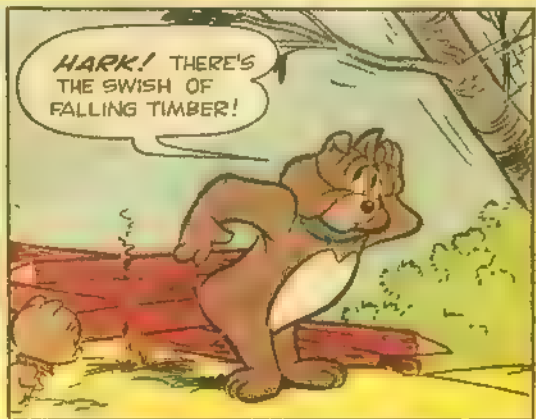
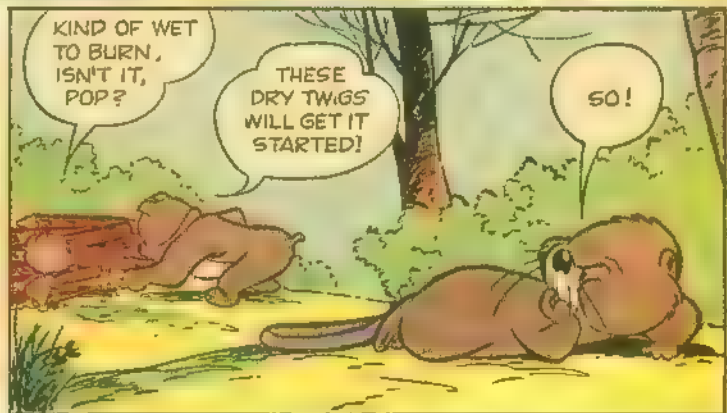
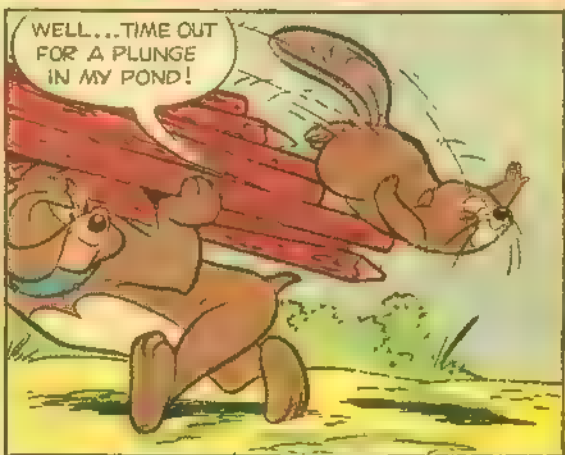
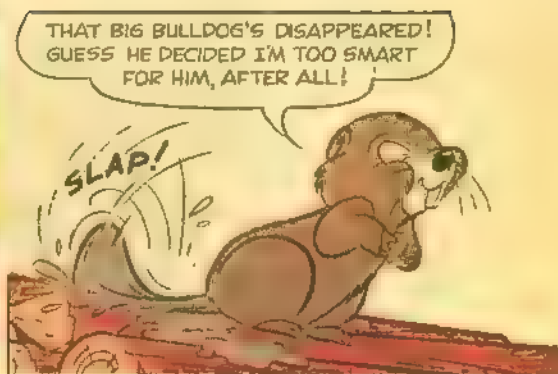


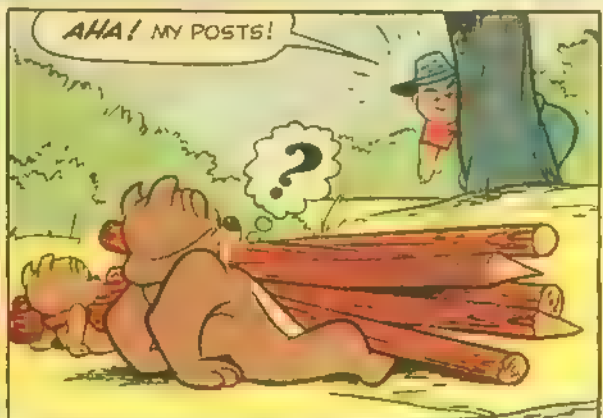
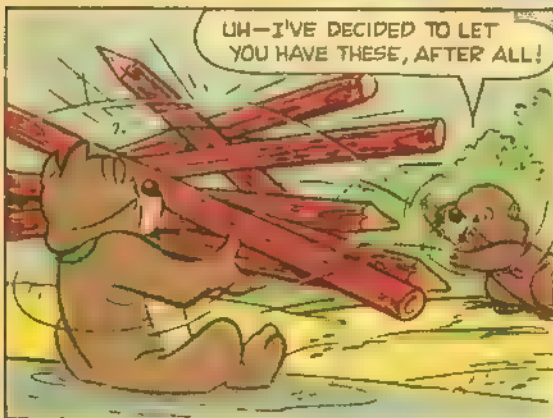
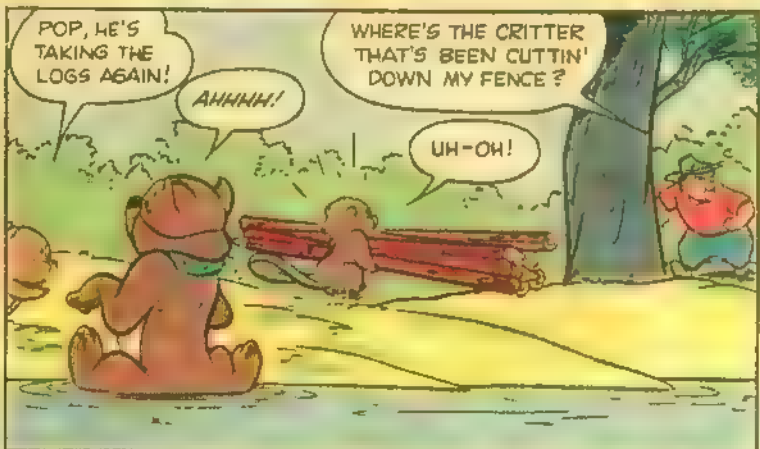
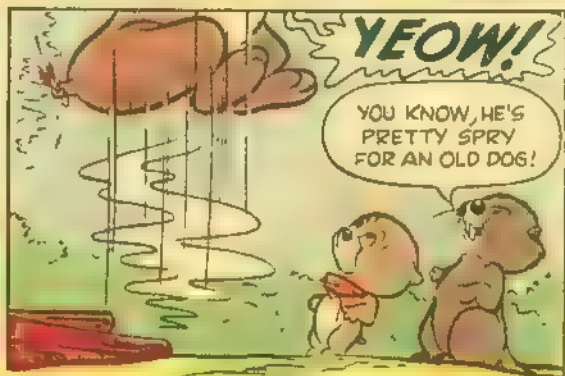
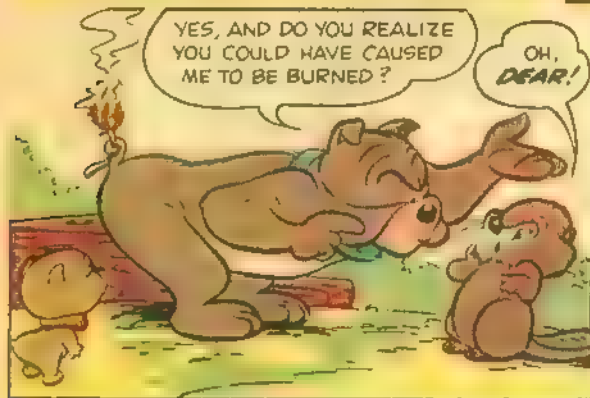
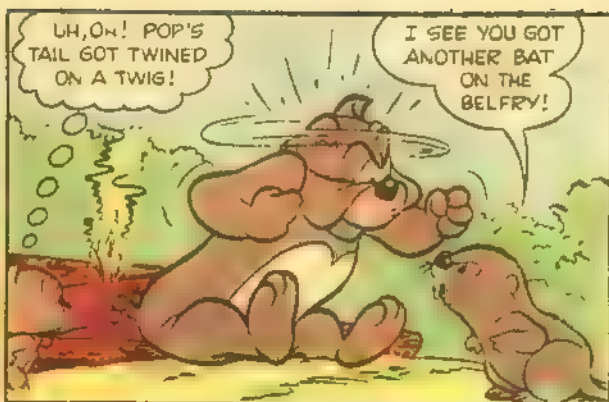
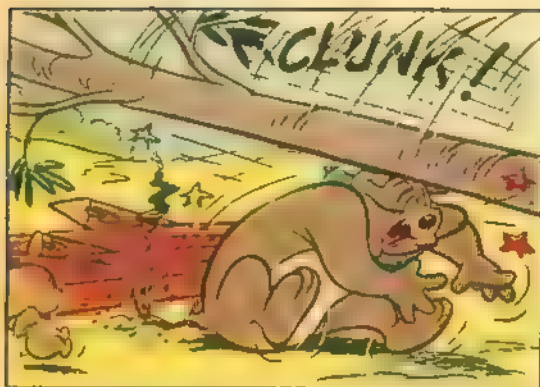


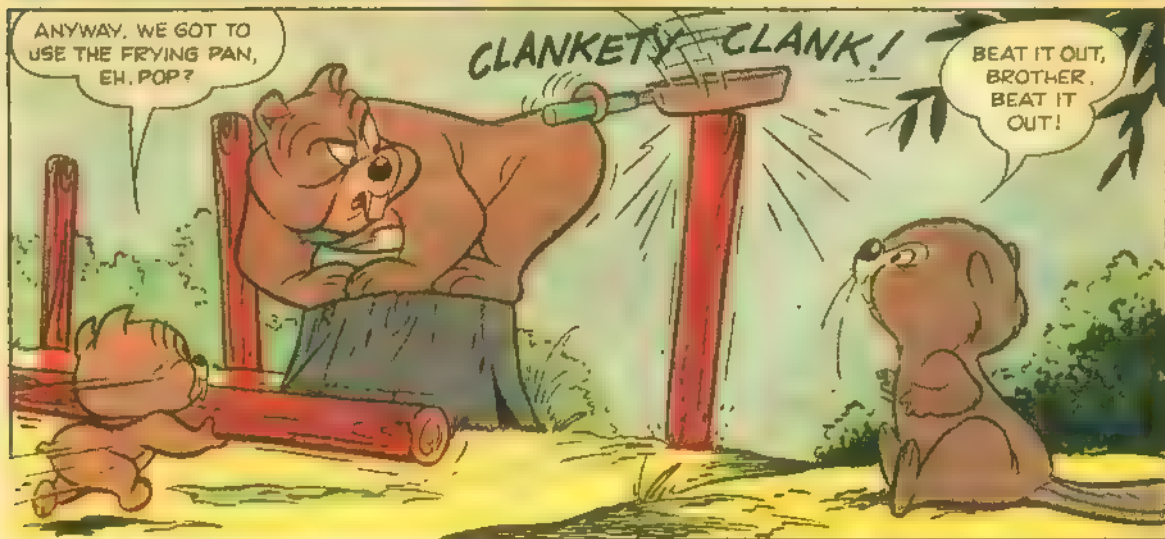
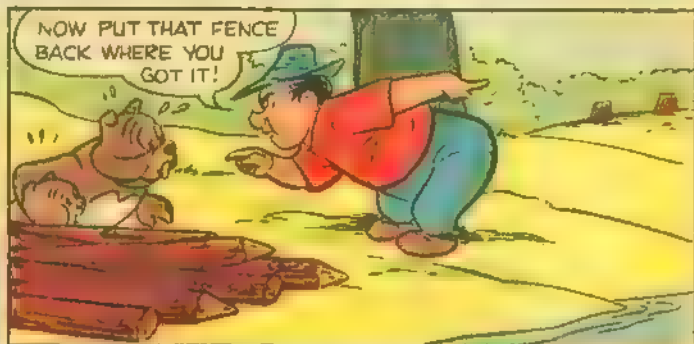
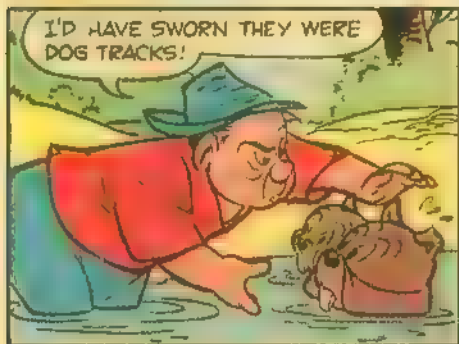
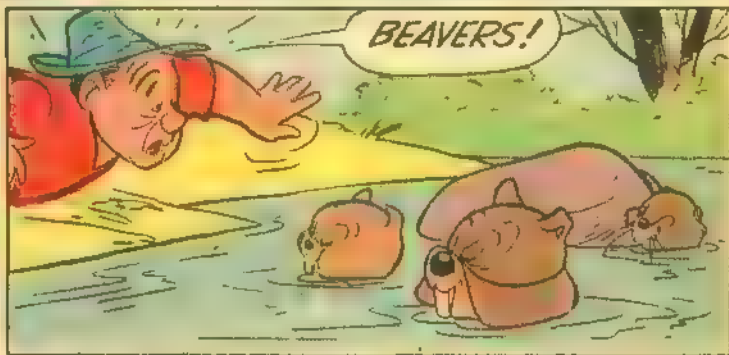
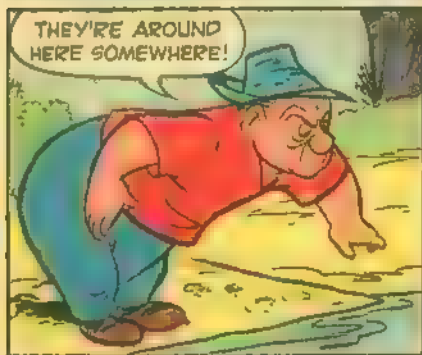
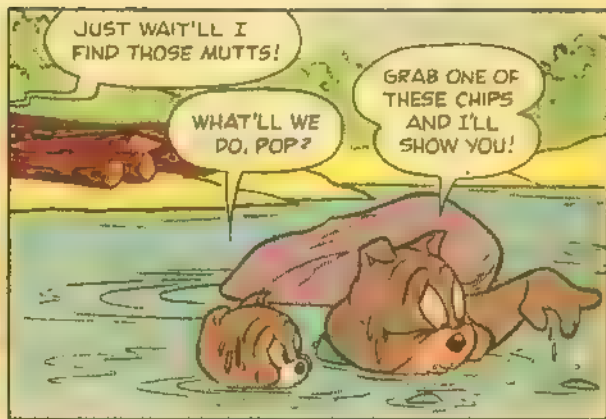
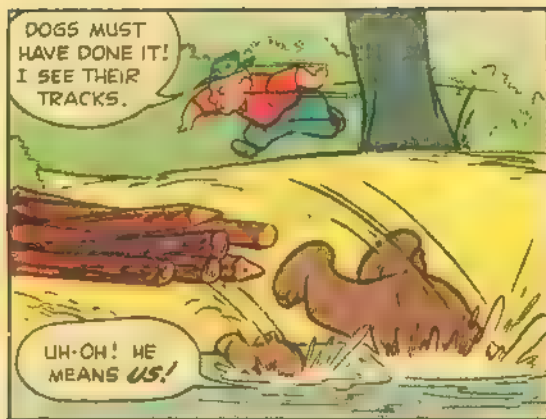




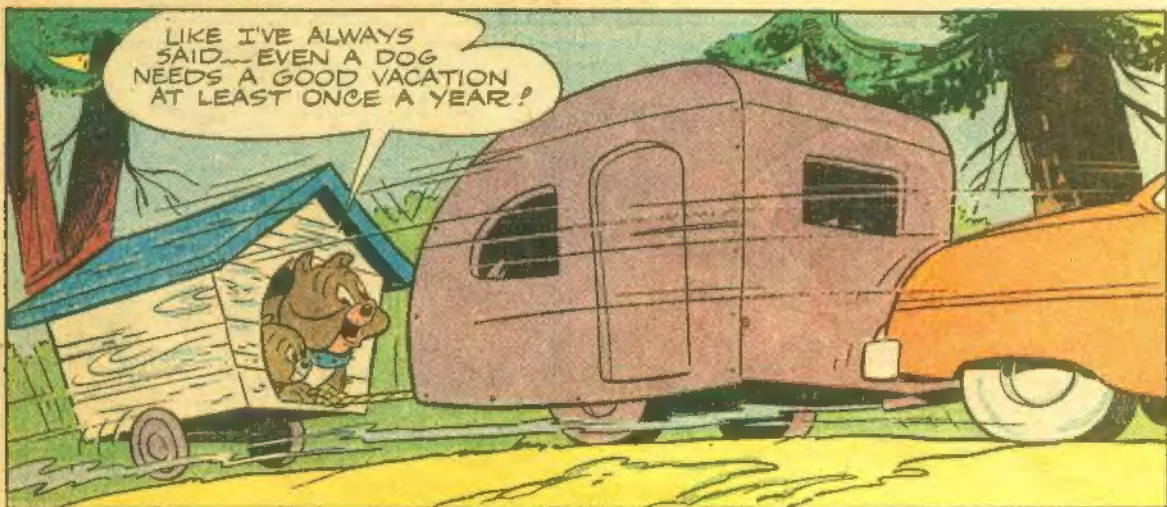






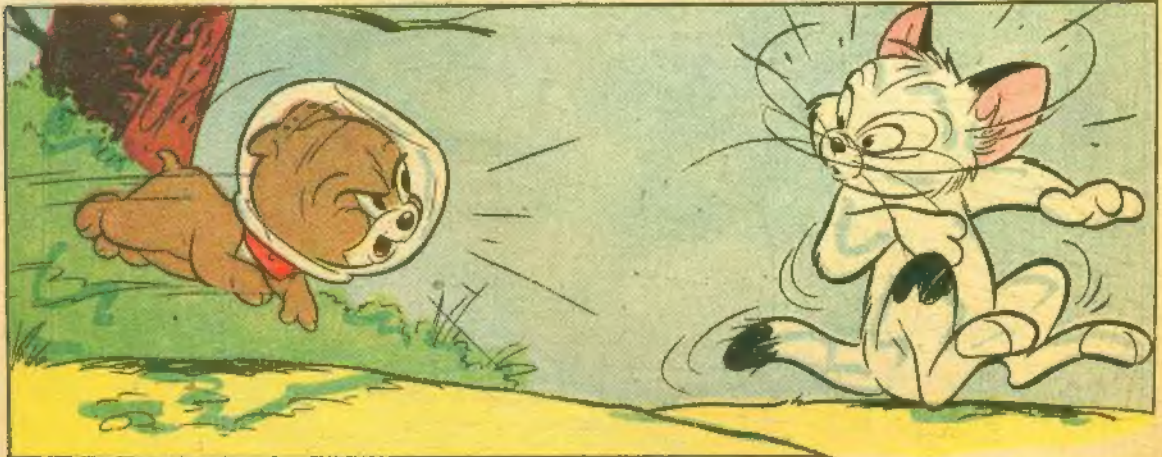
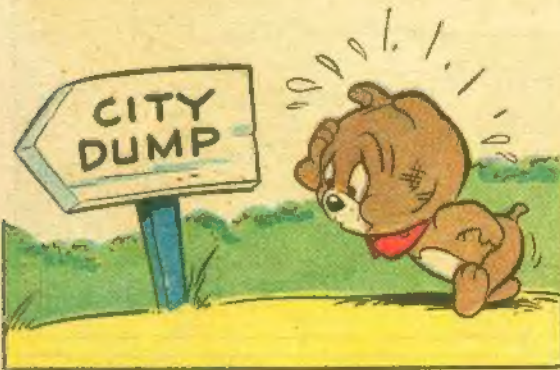
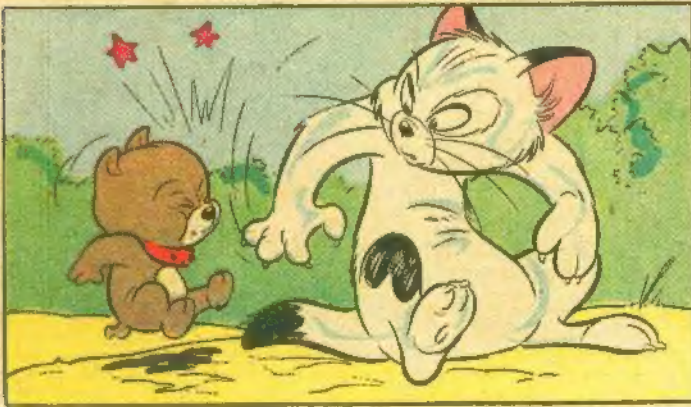
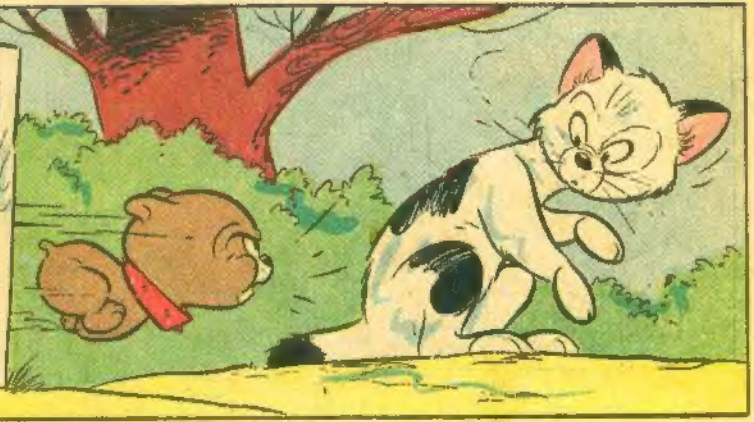


M-G-M CARTOONS
present
Big SPIKE
and
Little TYKE



M-G-M CARTOONS
present

LIL' TINK

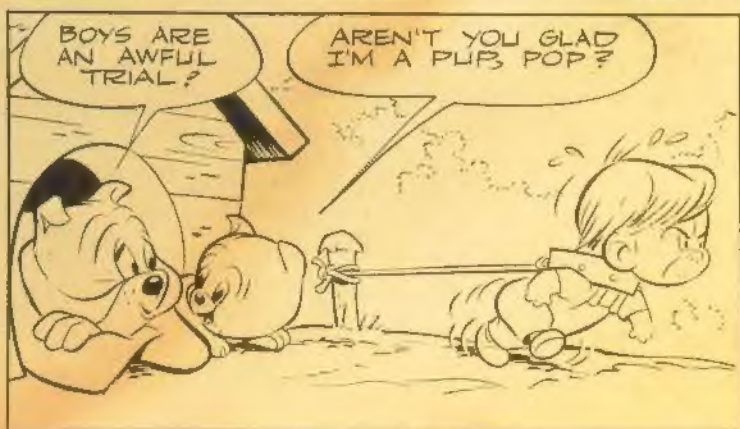
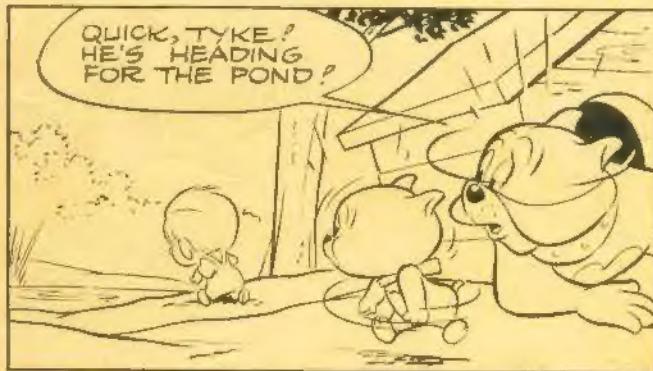


M-G-M CARTOONS
present

Big SPIKE and Little TYKE

MIKE'S RUNNING
INTO THE STREET?

I'LL STOP HIM,
POP?



SPIKE *and* TYKE



A PLEDGE **DELL** COMIC TO PARENTS

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